

can Girl

20 cents a copy





How to Avoid Saving Money

by DANNY KAYE



To avoid saving money, the first thing is to cut off all your pockets. (Or throw away your purse and keep your lipstick in your snood.) Thus you will have to carry your money in your hand. Which will insure that you—1. spend it, 2. lose it, 3. get it taken from you—quicker!



Also to be avoided like crazy are piggy banks and sugar bowls. Keep these out of your home! The kiddies in particular are victimized by such devices, often saving quite a bale of moolah. Be stern even if the little ones cry—remember what money could do for them! And be sure to avoid budgets. It is best to draw your pay and walk down Main Street buying anything you don't particularly hate.

Above all, don't buy any U. S. Savings Bonds—or it's impossible not to save money! These gilt-edged documents pay fat interest—4 dollars for 3 after only 10 years! There is even an insidiously easy scheme called the Payroll Savings Plan by which you buy bonds automatically. Before you catch on, you have closets full of bonds. You may even find yourself embarrassed by a regular income! Get-gat-gittle!



Danny Kaye

SAVE THE EASY WAY...

BUY YOUR BONDS THROUGH PAYROLL SAVINGS

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THE American Girl

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Cover photograph by Shinely Wright

ESTHER R. BIEN, Editor

RUTH BAKER, Associate Editor
MARJORIE CINTA, Associate Editor
FRANCES L. KOLIUN, Associate Editor

MRS. C. VAUGHAN FERGUSON, President, Girl Scouts MRS. PAUL RITTENHOUSE, National Director

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: \$2.00 for one year, \$3.00 for two years. Foreign and Canadian, \$6.00 extra a year for postage, \$1.20 for two years. Remit by money orders for foreign or Canadian subscriptions.

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ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVES: A. M. Willcox & Associates, Graybar Building, New York 17, N. Y.; Dwight H. Early, 100 North La Salle Street, Chicago 2, Illinois; Hannon & Willson, 412 West Sixth Street, Los Angeles 14, California

FOR ALL GIRLS—PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY GIRL SCOUTS, NATIONAL ORGANIZATION,
155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York

VOLUME XXX

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NUMBER 1



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RESINOL OINTMENT AND SOAP

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- Cover with heavy makeup
- Let them alone

You're all set for next Saturday night, and horrors! — a hickey rears its ugly head. Never squeeze pimples. Just dab with anti-septic and let them alone. Unless they're chronic, needing medical care, they'll soon disappear on their own power. Well-scrubbed skin gathers few blemishes. And bathing's especially important if you'd be clover-sweet on certain days. Kotex helps keep you dainty, because every Kotex napkin has a deodorant locked inside!



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- Let them take it from there
- Start talking for talk's sake

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by MARTHA JOHNSON

SOMETHING'S troubling Peggy, and I wish I knew what it was." Mrs. Allen set the coffeepot on the table with a bang, sighing so heavily that both Kay and Dr. Allen were startled.

"I haven't noticed anything," said Dr. Allen, glancing at his watch in a way that signaled he was in a hurry to get to the hospital. "I thought she was in seventh heaven, now she has this job as stewardess with Consolidated."

Kay pricked up her ears. Peggy's job was one of the chief concerns of her life. The mere fact that she had an older sister of twenty-one who was an airline hostess gave Kay an enviable position among her classmates at Crestwood high school. It was her ambition to follow in Peg's footsteps, and anything that touched her sister or her job was of interest to her.

In spite of her eagerness to know what her mother meant, Kay was silent. She knew it was best to keep quiet when her parents were having a discussion of this sort. Sometimes her mother had an irritating way of thinking that a fifteen-year-old was still a baby, and that it was best "not to talk of such things in front of Kay." She pushed her dark hair away from her forehead, trying to look unconcerned. But she could not keep the

Kay Goes to the Top

Illustrated by MALCOLM THOMPSON

In answer to her knock, a gruff voice bade Kay enter. Suddenly she felt as though a cloud of fear enveloped her, but she turned the knob automatically

The American Girl





"What's the matter?" Kay asked abruptly, staring down at her sister

**"If you are in a jam take your
troubles to someone at the top."
Kay found following this advice
more hectic than she expected**

sparkle of interest from her blue eyes, and her father, who always understood her, smiled. He knew how she felt about Peggy's job and, to Kay's relief, once more took up the subject she had feared he was in too much of a hurry to discuss.

"What makes you think Peg is upset, Alice? I thought she seemed all right last night—rather quiet, perhaps. It's nice she can be home one night a week."

"I asked her, but she said it was nothing," Mrs. Allen answered. "But I know she's upset about something, and I'm sure it has to do with her job."

"I wouldn't worry," Dr. Allen told her. "Peg's new on the job, and probably overconscientious. If she's in trouble, all she has to do is go to someone at the top of the organization and set the matter straight." He kissed his wife and daughter and left the room. They knew he had already dismissed Peggy and her troubles from his mind, and was thinking about the busy day ahead of him.

"You'll be late for school, Kay," Mrs. Allen observed absently. "It's Friday, and you have early assembly, you know.

Don't wake Peg when you go upstairs. I want her to get all the sleep she can when she's home."

Kay went softly up the stairs and paused at her sister's door. A deep silence reigned within the room, and half-believing that a glimpse of Peggy might tell what was bothering her, Kay opened the door with infinite care. But Peggy was not asleep. She was sitting up in bed with her hands clasped about her knees, staring out the window with unseeing eyes. She was very pretty, and Kay sometimes envied her bright coloring and regular features. A turned-up nose and a scattering of freckles were, in Kay's opinion, a heavy cross to bear.

As Kay looked down at her sister, she noticed traces of tears on her cheeks. "What's the matter?" she asked abruptly. "Is there anything I can—I mean, if it's got anything to do with your job, you know I'd do anything to help you."

She spoke so sincerely that Peggy checked the denial that rose to her lips. "I suppose Mother's said something," she sighed. "I know she's worried about me. It's nothing, really, only—"

"Only what?" demanded Kay. "You know you can tell me and I'll keep quiet. Cross my heart."

Peggy was silent so long that Kay grew impatient. At any minute her mother might call to her, and she would lose this chance to learn what was bothering her sister. Suddenly, however, Peggy burst out, "It is about my job—but you mustn't tell Mother. You know the medical kits we carry on each flight? Well, one of the girls keeps forgetting hers, and twice she's borrowed—or rather, taken—mine from my plane at the last minute before my flight, so that I had to go without it. Now the Chief Stewardess thinks *I'm* the one who keeps forgetting her kit, and she says if I do it again, I'll be suspended and—" She broke off on a sob.

Kay's eyes blazed. "Who is she?" she demanded with indignation.

Peggy shook her head. "I can't tell you. That's the trouble, don't you see? I can't tell anyone. But if Janet Randall thinks—" She clapped her hand over her mouth. "There, I've told you!" she exclaimed. "Kay, if you ever tell a living soul her name, I'll—"

Kay turned toward the door. "Don't worry, I promise I'll never tell anyone her name. Bye now, I'll be late," she said as she slipped out of the room.

So that was it. She might have known it was nothing that was Peggy's fault. "That Janet Randall!" she muttered as she went down the stairs. "She's the kind who would forget her kit and take Peg's; she's just that careless and dumb and selfish, the—the—" She could think of no description bad enough for Janet Randall. Once or twice Peggy had taken her to the air terminal in Chicago, and Kay had met most of the airline personnel. The only one she had not liked had been this same Janet Randall, whom she had described afterward as "self-centered and sort of mean looking."

"Of course Peg can't tell on her," mused Kay as she hurried down the street, "but—"

A vague plan was beginning to take shape in her mind when she was jolted out of her reverie by a voice at her elbow.

"You look pretty morbid this morning. What's eating you?" Jim Willard joined her at his gate, four doors from her own home, and fell into step beside her. Jim was an old friend—so old, in fact, that Kay

Kay drew a long breath of relief as the nine o'clock train for Chicago came chugging in. So far her plan had worked out very well.

never realized how the other girls in her class marveled at her treating the best-looking boy in the school so casually.

"Nothing," she said, not even bothering to look up at him.

Jim shrugged his shoulders. "I'm going into Chicago tomorrow on the nine o'clock train with Pete Howland," he said with attempted unconcern, "on business for the track team."

To his amazement, Kay clutched his arm and jerked him to a standstill. "Jim, take me with you, will you? I've got to go—really I have. Mother would never let me go alone, but if I say you and Pete—"

"Not on your life," Jim interrupted firmly. "This is a man's job, and no women allowed."

"But I've got business of my own," pleaded Kay. "I won't even speak to you on the train. It's just that Mother wouldn't ever let me go alone."

She was so earnest that Jim relented. He was fond of Kay, though he would not have admitted it for the world, and he did not like to refuse her. "Okay," he said gruffly. "But see you don't bother us. What's your business?"

Now that she had won her point, she could afford to be independent. "My own," she retorted pertly.

They walked in silence until they reached the school. Then Kay said with apparent irrelevance, "Jim, remember when they opened the airport here in Crestwood, and the Consolidated plane was the first to land? That was quite a thing, wasn't it? All those big shots here and all."

"You bet," he agreed. "Even the president of Consolidated showed up."

"I remember him—Mr. Connelly, from the Chicago office."

"Conroy, idiot. Say, you haven't got any crazy—"

Kay laughed and turned away before he could finish his question. "See you at the station at nine," she called back.

It was not as difficult as she had feared to persuade her mother to let her go to Chicago with Jim. Mrs. Allen knew him to be trustworthy, and several times before he and Kay had gone into the city to the movies or a matinee. She was still concerned about Peggy, and did not comment on the fact that Kay was wearing her best suit and hat when she left for the train.

Kay drew a long breath of relief as she closed the front door behind her. The first step of her plan had worked with unbelievable smoothness.

Jim and Pete were waiting for her at the station. Kay greeted them briefly and indicated that she preferred to sit by herself. The two boys sat down several seats ahead of her, and from the way they glanced at her from time to time, she knew they were speculating about her errand in Chicago. Kay chuckled. Let them wonder, she told herself. She made up her mind not to think of what lay ahead of her, for she knew she would get cold feet if she did, and never summon enough courage for the task she had set herself.

(Continued on page 47)



A Touch of Arab



by VIVIAN BRECK

Illustrated by ROY CLINKER

USUALLY the day we rode into the canyon to open the ranger cabin was the happiest of the whole year. On that day my father stopped being Professor Mallory of the Geology Department and changed into Ranger Mallory of Merced Canyon—and I had Cirque to ride. After a little time in the Sierra Nevada you get used to the light, but on the day you ride in the sun seems so near, and shines so gold-and-silver bright, that it stirs you up inside. The mountains have a sparkle on them.

Always before—and that's eleven summers, because we have been going to the Merced cabin ever since my mother died when I was three—Ranger Mallory's eyes would get sort of big behind his glasses and the tip of his nose would quiver at the smell of wild azaleas in Little Yosemite. He'd crack silly jokes as we rode and call himself "Old Sourdough." But this year he looked as if he had just flunked one of his favorite students.

"Look at Cirque, Daddy," I said. "Isn't he beautiful? He's so glad to be out of pasture he wants to dance uphill." Cirque is Western stock horse with just a touch of Arab. That makes him strong and

dependable and brave, but a little flashy, too—he likes to prance.

But Daddy didn't seem to appreciate Cirque's polished granite coat and lovely legs. Surely, I thought, after we climb the zigzags and get to foaming water, or to where we can see the Clark Range, he will get his mountain face. The Clark Range looks like black starched fringe combed straight up against the sky. We think it's very exciting.

It was when we stopped for lunch that Daddy told me. We had built a cooking fire and were waiting for the water to boil for tea when he said, "I wish you'd stop trying to balance yourself on that branch, Meggie. I really don't want an acrobat for a daughter. Besides, I need to talk to you." He kept digging at the damp crust of pine needles on the ground as he spoke. "I'm sorry Meg, but this is going to be a mighty short summer."

"What on earth do you mean?" I



asked him. "It's not even July yet."

"But this year I'm having just a two-weeks' businessman's vacation." He put his hand on my arm. "Meg, my dear," he said almost pleadingly, "I do hope you'll understand." Then he told me that he had resigned from the Forest Service to accept a job teaching at summer session, and that he wanted me to go to a girls' camp.

"I don't want you growing up one-



sided," he said, "with no interests outside of your riding. You must cultivate other enthusiasms. You need friendship with boys and girls your own age. That's why I want you to go to this camp and make an honest effort to get along with the other girls and join in all their different activities."

"But Cirque!" I cried. "Darling Cirque! What will we do—"

"A professor's salary is not designed to

include boarding a horse in town," Daddy answered slowly. "I'm sorry, but I think the time has come when we'll have to sell Cirque. Surely you wouldn't want to keep an educated young gentleman at pasture indefinitely. Would you, Meggie?"

I shook my head, but deep inside I knew there was more behind this selling Cirque than just money. Several times that spring I had cut school to practice for the gymkhana, and when Daddy

There was only one thing to do and that was to let Cirque try it alone. Leaning as far forward as I could, I shouted "Wake! Grab Cirque's tail!"

found out about it he'd looked pretty grim.

"Education," he had said to me, his jaw particularly square, "is the bones of life. Without it you may grow up bright and pretty, but sometime life will crumble on you because you haven't the right bones underneath."

"Why do you have to be a professor all over your private life?" I'd railed. "You know I'm going to live on a ranch and raise stock horses. What's analyzing the 'Merchant of Venice' got to do with that?"

"Quite a lot," Daddy had said, and I knew there was no use arguing with him.

After that miserable lunch on the trail we rode the rest of the fourteen miles to our cabin trying to talk about things that wouldn't hurt too much. But as we passed the granite slide where the Merced tumbles down in foaming sheets of water, I couldn't help remembering old Mr. Scripps.

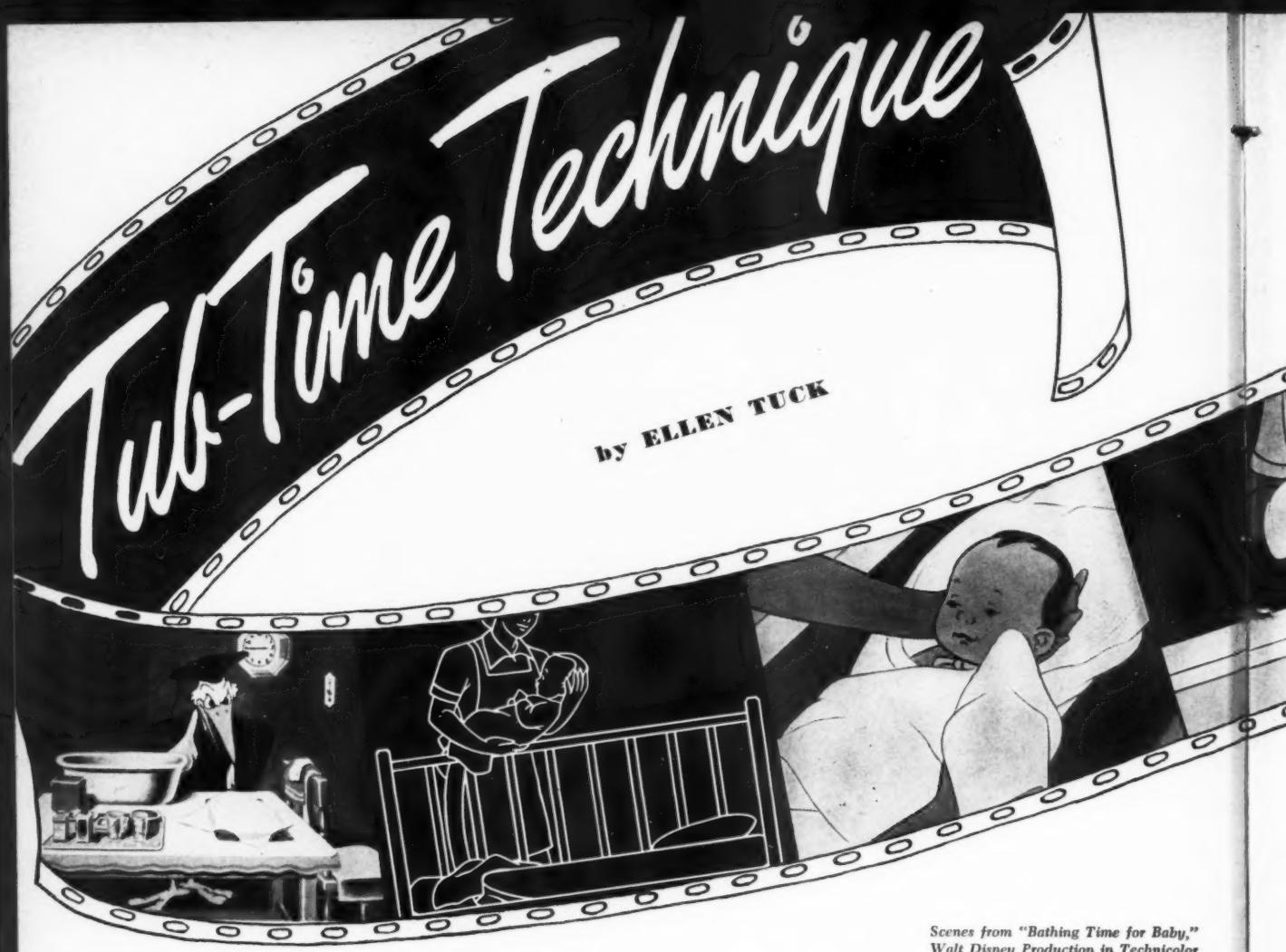
"Did they ever find him?" I had to ask.

"Yes, they did," Daddy answered, as if rushing water were no longer beautiful. "At the bottom of Nevada Falls. There will be one advantage to our short summer, anyhow."

"How could there be?"

"I probably won't have to hunt for any lost fishermen or campers."

Usually when we arrive at the Ranger Station I want to squeal for joy. Our brown log cabin looks so welcoming, under the Jeffrey pines! This year I could only wonder whose name would be tacked up on the bulletin board where the little metal sign, "Ranger Arthur B. Mallory," had hung for so long. Cirque was all for dashing upstream to see if the big bridge, where the Lyell Fork joins the Merced, had lasted out the winter. *(Continued on page 42)*



*Scenes from "Bathing Time for Baby,"
Walt Disney Production in Technicolor*

WHETHER you play mother's helper to a younger brother or sister, or go in for baby tending in a big and paying way, one thing you want to learn is to give baby the kind of bath he enjoys. You'll get real satisfaction in doing the job well, for you will be making a worthwhile contribution to baby's health and comfort, and you'll have a chance to enjoy him at his sweetest, most cherubic best.

A good way to learn baby-bathing technique is to follow the procedure, step by step. Watch your mother or a nurse as she deftly lathers and rinses and dries the gurgling little one. Or let Dr. Stork, star of a new technicolor movie by Walt Disney Productions, show you how to get a baby through his bath with efficiency and pleasure for everybody concerned. Take your cues with care, be calm and unhurried, and you'll be an expert baby bather in no time. Going through the motions first with a large doll is a wise safety measure and a realistic way to build up your own self-confidence and ability, incidentally. At the beginning of *their* training, student nurses, you know, practice important nursing techniques on life-sized dummies!

There are three approved methods of giving baby his bath—the bathinette and lap-bath workouts, and the table-and-tub technique shown in Dr. Stork's picture, which is the method we'll describe here.

A room that is warm, sunny, and convenient to running water should be chosen for the bath. Close the windows and doors, not only as a precaution against drafts, but to keep people out as well. For baby's sake, his bath should come at

about the same time every day. In many households that time is just before the morning feeding.

First, get everything ready. Cover a table—the kitchen variety is a good choice—with a piece of oilcloth kept especially for this purpose or with newspapers. Then place the tub on the table. *Don't*—and this is really a big *don't*—use the tub for any other purpose. *Do* keep it just for his bath. An enamel one is good because it's strong and easy to keep spotlessly clean.

Beside the tub place a bath tray. A cooky sheet or any similar tray that can be kept clean easily will do. On it place a covered jar filled with cotton balls, a covered jar containing small and large cotton swabs, a bottle of pure baby oil or lotion, a container of baby powder, a covered dish holding mild baby soap, a cake of soap to hold safety pins, a dish for oil, and a small paper bag for used swabs, cotton, etc.

That cake of soap to hold safety pins is a great idea. It's important when you're tending a baby never to let safety pins get away from you. Jab them into the soap the minute you take them out of his underpinnings, and you won't have any trouble keeping track of them.

At one end of the table place a clean, folded blanket as a pad for baby to lie on, and cover it with a large, soft bath towel. Now move a straight chair up against the end of the table and cover the seat with folded newspaper. Then lay the baby's fresh clothes over the back in this order: gown, diapers, clean shirt, wrapping blanket, washcloth. That way you'll have the things you need first on top.

Before baby comes into the picture, it's time for some



**When it's bathing time for baby—and
you're in charge—you'll be thankful for this
step-by-step instruction from Dr. Stork**

important preparations of your own. For one thing, be sure your hair is tidy and your clothes are neat. For another, take off any pins, rings, or other jewelry that might scratch baby. See that your fingernails are smoothly filed, and that you give your hands a thorough scrubbing. Also, you'll want to protect your dress from splash and splatter with a waterproof apron.

Now fill the tub about one third full of clear, warm water. If you have a bath thermometer, the water should be about 98°, but lacking a thermometer, test the water with your elbow to make sure it is comfortably warm but not too hot. Then take the covers off the jars and pour a small amount of baby oil or antiseptic baby lotion into the little dish.

Now you're ready to bring baby into the room and place him on his pad—and right here is the biggest of all don'ts. *Don't* leave baby alone for a single second at any time during the bath. *Do* stay with him constantly, from the minute you take him from his crib until you tuck him safely back again. One of the most important things in caring for babies is to make them feel secure and unafraid, so just keep a firm hold on your little darling from the moment you lift him up. Talk to him, too, reassuring him and making him feel at ease.

TH E first thing on the bathing program is to wash baby's face, and here's the way to go about it. Holding the washcloth diagonally, fold the corners into the palm of your hand. Then fold down the top point and tuck it firmly under your thumb. You'll find that this makes a very efficient mitt, with no loose corners to drip water over baby and you.

Now moisten the washcloth, and with clear water—no soap—using different sections of the cloth for each side of the face, clean baby's eyes and the outside portions of his ears. Pat dry with edge of towel. Small twists of cotton may be used to clean the nostrils.

Next, wash his head and hair—if he has any. Work up a good soapsuds on your hand and, with the palm, rub the lather very gently into baby's scalp. Rinse with the washcloth, being careful not to get soap into his eyes or ears, and

then dry his head with another corner of the towel. You may want to rinse his head over the tub as illustrated.

After baby's face and scalp have been gently washed and dried, it's time to undress him. Off comes his gown, off come his diapers, which are dropped on the newspaper-covered chair seat. Now, if necessary, cleanse the diaper area with a ball of cotton dipped in the baby lotion or oil, and deposit the used cotton ball in your paper bag.

Baby needs a good soaping while he is still lying on his pad. Dip the soap in the tub of water and work up a big, frothy lather. Then, using the palm of your hand, apply the suds to his entire body in this order: arms, chest, legs, back, and diaper area.

Now comes the big event of the bath—the moment when you put baby into the tub. In order to do this with safety and

(Continued on page 37)





PART TWO

JOAN had been at Annapolis barely two weeks when Sue insisted on giving a party for her.

"It'll only be a tea fight," she overrode Joan's protests, explaining that when the girls in the Yard gave such afternoon get-togethers they just "had mountains of chow, danced, and played ping pong and stuff." She assured her new friend that

there was nothing to worry about, and that she'd like the girls.

But, though she felt she couldn't refuse the Amblers' kindness, Joan was panicky at the thought of meeting strangers. On the afternoon of the party she felt completely forlorn and left out, as Sue's attractive girl friends laughed and chatted with the midshipmen guests. It only added to her misery when she realized that she was the only one in the big, basement playroom who was wearing a hat, and that her pretty green suit was much too formal, in contrast to the casual sweaters and skirts of the other girls.

Her stage fright had reached an acute point when Bill arrived late from football practice. After several sessions over his French, Joan was now perfectly at ease with Sue's good-looking brother, and had the comfortable feeling that he liked her

THE STORY SO FAR

Motherless Joan Andrews, who had been brought up by her conservative, clubwoman grandmother Elliot to hate the Navy, which she felt was keeping her officer father from her, was shocked to learn that she must spend several months with her father's sister and her husband at Annapolis. Feeling miserably out of place in the strange Navy world, which reminded her at every turn of her father who, she believed, did not love her, Joan was uncertain and shy when she met Sue and Bill Ambler, an attractive pair of Navy youngsters. The Amblers shared with Joan their worry over Bill's poor marks in French, which might prevent him from playing against Army in the big football game of the year, and Joan found herself telling the friendly Amblers of her French governess and earning their undying gratitude by offering to coach Bill.

by ELLSWORTH NEWCOMB

Illustrated by ALAN HUGHES

as much as she liked him. Smiling, she returned his greeting and managed to say a few words to his roommate, Bink Johnson.

"How about a dance?" Bill asked, and Joan's spirits lifted as she slid into his arms, grateful for the lessons back in New England which had made her a good dancer.

They were whirling gaily around the room when Bill's name was called in a frenzied treble, and Joan caught sight of a girl frantically beckoning to him.

"Will you excuse me a minute?" Bill guided Joan to a seat and hurried to the pretty blond damsel in distress.

"It's Mary Lou Dunbar," someone exclaimed as the new arrival's high, affectedly accented voice explained that her "little old yellow car" had broken down outside the Main Gate, and she wondered if the Amblers would let her stay until it could be repaired.

Completely surrounded by blue uniforms, Mary Lou was regaling her audience with a blow-by-blow description of her predicament. Joan realized with a stab of hurt that Bill had forgotten her. She got up and crossed the room to the deserted phonograph. Sue was just ahead of her.

"Mighty funny Mary Lou landed here in the middle of a

An Anchor

for Her Heart



party," she fumed. "Why can't she stay in Baltimore where she belongs, and stop tagging after Bill?"

Joan looked at her in amazement. Sue's usually smiling face was flushed with anger.

"But her car broke down," Joan protested.

"Humph!" Sue snorted. "You just don't know your Mary Lou. She's in the doghouse with us girls and she knows I'd never ask her to anything, but somehow she heard about this tea fight and poisoned her car practically at our door! Now she'll hang around all week end and keep Bill from his French lesson tomorrow." She put on another record, turned the volume up full blast and stormed off, leaving Joan breathless.

"I'm so embarrassed about this I could die," Joan heard Mary Lou telling Bill as they danced past. "I know that old car can't be fixed till tomorrow. Do you suppose your mother would let me spend the night?"

"Sure she will," Bill assured her. "I'll ask her this minute, if it'll make you happier."

"Oh, that's divine of you," purred Mary Lou as she slipped into a second pair of blue arms.

More out of things than ever, Joan was wondering if she

might slip away quietly when she felt a touch on her arm.

"Lady," said Bink Johnson, his round, homely face beaming, "you and I are going to cut a rug—and for gosh sakes, stop looking so scared! The Navy's not going to bite you."

Bill's roommate had so exactly diagnosed her feelings that Joan couldn't help laughing as he unceremoniously whirled her off. "That's a whole lot better," he approved, when they had finished a strenuous dance. "Now toss your hat on the deck and look as if you belong here. You're just as much Navy as the rest of us."

Joan studied Bink's honest face and saw that he meant what he said. "I—I don't *feel* as if I belonged," she objected.

"I know you don't," he told her, "and you sort of defy anyone to like you. If somebody's nice to you, you decide it's because you're the daughter of a hero. Try giving yourself a break and things'll turn out better."

Joan's long lashes flew up and her eyes widened. Bink had certainly put his finger on her trouble. That was just the way she had acted ever since she had come to Annapolis. If she stopped thinking of herself as an outsider, perhaps she'd stop

(Continued on page 34)

**With Sally running the interference
and Bink Johnson calling the signals,
Joan begins to face her competition
like a true daughter of Annapolis**

The giant stadium seemed to rock with roaring, shrieking humanity as a blue figure sprang skyward to catch a long pass, then zigzagged down the field





Your Camera Click

by ADRIAN TERLOUW

1. You don't always have to show your subject's face to make a good storytelling snapshot. Just be sure to catch him or her in action—that's the most important thing to remember

2. It takes a long time-exposure and a subject who is willing to sit or stand still to make a picture like this. But a pictorially striking night snapshot is well worth your trouble

3. If you want to get beautiful cloud effects like these, use a medium yellow filter for outdoor shots. And remember, take your camera everywhere; watch for drama in humdrum life



4. Here's a sample of what can be done in table-top photography with a few simple props plus artful lighting. Two pipe-cleaner dolls are jitterbugging before a miniature backdrop

5. Superdramatic snapshots can be easily made at sunset by silhouetting figures against the sky. A handy ten or twenty cent exposure guide will determine your correct lens opening

6. This interesting picture proves that if you'll just seek out the right angle, even such placid subjects as these seem dramatic! Note that the oxen were snapped slightly "off center"

7. It's easy to make exciting character studies when you learn to "crop" your negatives by printing or enlarging only the heart of the picture. Another trick is known as "dodging"

Photographs courtesy of Eastman Kodak Co.

THE girls and boys who have the most fun with their cameras, and walk off with the biggest photographic prizes, don't just get the sun over their left shoulder, close their eyes, and click the shutter. There's more to it than that!

First of all, they use their cameras frequently, knowing that only practice will make perfect. Second, they apply their cameras to the things that interest them most in work and play. Next, they learn to do their own developing and printing, so as to be able to see results quickly, and to utilize to the fullest the amazing control processes which make photography such a flexible medium. And finally, they join, or organize, camera clubs.

Now that you know these four secrets, they probably don't seem in the least mysterious or difficult. And they aren't. They're perfectly simple, yet they can make all the difference between your being just another camera fan, or a popular amateur photographer who's in constant demand to take pictures at parties, picnics, and the big events at school.

Certainly these four points will make you better prepared to keep your family's picture record, and the important milestones in your own private life. They may be the means of starting you on an exciting and fascinating vocation—one in which there's plenty of room for women.

For example, think of how much more you would learn about your camera, how many more good pictures you'd get, and how much more fun you'd have taking pictures, if you made it a habit to take your camera wherever you go. The everyday world is full of drama—you just have to learn to recognize it—and you can never tell when an exciting picture possibility is likely to turn up.

Tomorrow morning, for instance, you might be awakened by the sound of fire engines and find a prize-winning picture just around the corner. Then again, you may be hiking, and come across the most photogenic snow-covered fence you've ever seen. Or in your own home something may strike you as a perfect subject for a picture. Perhaps it's just the expression on your mother's face as she takes a cake from the oven, or your little sister, intent on dropping pennies into her piggy bank.

Most people who make prize-winning pictures are prepared for possibilities like that. And by following their example—keeping your camera with you whenever possible, considering every subject a potential picture, practicing day after day, in season and out—you'll soon get to the point where handling your camera is almost second nature.

Cameras and hobbies go arm in arm. Do you like to camp? Your camera can bring home the story of every trip. Are you thrilled by a football game? Are you a Girl Scout? Do you belong to a science club or a basketball team? There's an album full of pictures in any of these activities.

Many photographers have begun a successful career by combining their cameras and other interests. Hansel Meith, for example, turned her camera on the plight of the migrant farm-

(Continued on page 26)

Fun and fame and, yes, even fortune may be yours if photography is your hobby and your sights are high

by JOAN TARBERT



Butterflies swarm on an all-wool sweater that will keep you wonderfully warm. Wear it with a plain skirt and look pretty as a party when you take off your coat. Under \$9 by Hi-Girl, it's at Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co., in Chicago; F. & R. Lazarus Co., Columbus; S. and L. Bamberger & Co., Newark

Below: On the left, a slick, striped cardigan with a plain skirt for the basketball game. Under \$20 complete. Right, cooky-cutter jerkin and skirt, about \$9 (for sizes 7 to 14) looks nice with a blouse or sweater. Derby makes both outfits. Write to American Girl, 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17 for where-to-buy information

The Sporting Look

Is there going to be a wienie roast—with a blazing fire and a blazing sunset—after you've skated the afternoon away? Are you all going to toast marshmallows or warm up with hot chocolate when the basketball game is over? Then you'll want to look particularly nice when you take off your coat. These are clothes to skate or ski in, to wear as you jump up and down when your team scores a winning basket, to put on and forget because they're comfortable. But they're also clothes others will remember because they're pretty and right for different sporting occasions—whether you spectate or take an active part

Photographs by Larry Gordon





Plaid skirt, pleated all around and just right for school or skating, costs about \$9. The blazer—about \$13—matches the main color of this skirt but can swap off with other skirts. Both by Lortogs at Bullock's, Los Angeles; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago; James McCreery, New York City

Below left: A Looking Glass skirt—you'll have to peek in the mirror to see what it says—with adjustable elastic waistband. About \$6 by Lortogs at Bullock's, Los Angeles; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago; James McCreery, New York City. The long-sleeved, all-wool sweater by Hi-Girl is about \$9 at the Teen Shop, Lord & Taylor, New York City; Denver Dry Goods Co., Denver; and Meier & Frank Co., in Portland, Oregon

Below: This Jen-cel-lite-insulated Charm Queen jacket is warm as those worn by our men in the Aleutians! Snug and light, it's suited to active sports but looks well over school clothes, too. About \$26 at Best's Apparel, Inc., Seattle; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago; Arnold Constable, New York City



1984



Yours for the

1995



1986

1984: This pretty one-piece dress for girls buttons from neck to hem, has a flared skirt, set-in belt. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, 14. Size 14 requires about $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 39" material, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards edging. Price: 15c

1995: Wide neckline, soft fullness mark a "Sew Simple" one-piece. Sizes 10 to 18; 28 to 36. Cap-sleeved model in size 14 (32) requires about $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 39". Add $\frac{1}{8}$ yard for longer sleeves. Price: 25c

1986: Ruffled, one-piece pinafore and a useful round-necked blouse. Sizes 10 to 18; 28 to 36. In size 14 (32) blouse requires about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39" material; pinafore, approximately $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Price: 25c

1624: This "Sew Simple" pattern includes nightgown and short pajama set—both with bare midriff. Sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38. Size 14 (32) nightie requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 35" material; pajamas, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Price: 25c

1322: A teen-styled lingerie set for girls. Slip has a plain top; panties have eyelet edging. Sizes 8, 10, 12, 14. In size 14, complete outfit requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 35" material—plus edging. Price: 15c

Making



1624



1945



1322



1974

1945: Two-piece pajamas for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 42. In size 14 (32) jacket-top style calls for $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 39" material; pullover version requires 4 yards 39", plus beading and ribbon. Price: 25c

1974: A well-fitting "Sew Simple" slip trimmed with beading and gay ribbon. Sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 48. Size 14 (32) requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 39" material, 1 yard beading, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards ribbon. Price: 25c

These are Hollywood Patterns, especially selected for readers of this magazine, and may be purchased through The American Girl, 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17. Please state size when ordering and be sure to enclose exact total payment for patterns desired. We pay postage.

Lasses With *Glasses*

by KAY HARDY

NOW comes the day when the gorgeous girl with the vacant air fades away before her up-and-coming sister. Boys have voted in a recent poll that the girl they like must first of all be intelligent, and next that she must be interested in the things which interest them.

This is certainly good news for us plainer sisters, for it means that a little well-directed intelligence will be a big help in making us attractive and desirable companions.

But how? Well, we must read and study, listen and talk and notice what's going on—and then read a whole lot more. In short, we must keep up to date. And one of the things this calls for is good eyesight.

You can ruin your health and be a headache droop if you don't see properly. If you must squint and strain every time you focus your eyes, you're overworking your entire nervous system—to say nothing of encouraging all kinds of lines and wrinkles to develop before their time. And if you're foolishly vain enough to leave the necessary cheaters home when you go to a party, don't blame us if you not only miss seeing the best-looking boy there, but get a reputation for being a terrible snob into the bargain! No doubt about it—if you need glasses, you should wear them. They'll add sparkle and see-ability to your eyes, and you'll not only *have* more fun, you'll *be* more fun, too.

There's no need to let false vanity ruin your eyesight these days. Eyeglass frames now come in such a variety of styles and shapes that there's one to flatter every kind of face. The famous Hollywood star in her dark glasses has given impetus to such attractive designs that even girls with 20-20 vision are sometimes lured into sporting specs!

Even if you seem to have perfect eyesight, and don't think you need glasses, only an expert can tell whether you are right, so it's a good idea to have your eyes examined by an optometrist or an ophthalmologist. Especially after you've had a serious illness, your eyes will need pampering for a while. So take good care of them, whether with corrective lenses, with slightly tinted, pampering glasses, or with dark glasses. Your eye

doctor will tell you what's best for you.

You'll have fun choosing the most becomingly shaped eyeglass frames. They're made in dozens of styles now, from the tiptilted, exaggerated harlequin to softly curved oval ones. The bridge over the nose may be high and level, or dip into a sweetly curved line.

The unbecoming tortoise-shell circles have gone out of style with a bang.

Superseding them, except occasionally for sunglasses, are the honey blond shades, platinum transparencies, pale green, blue, or aquamarine, soft rose, orange, or flesh tints. Some of the plastics used are transparent; others are opaque. If you're a girl who likes to wear shades of green, you can choose your eyeglass frames to match or blend. If you go in for pink sweaters and deep rose eve-

Photographs Courtesy of Better Vision Institute

Florentine, butterfly-shaped rims will balance a broad jawline.



ning dresses, ask to see some pinkish frames. Blondes like the palest honey tones, and brunettes find deeper flesh or amber shades more becoming. Try on several colors when you're deciding, and choose the one which you think is the most flattering.

Then—even more important—choose the most becoming shape. Here are a few suggestions that may help you. First, look at yourself in the mirror and analyze the shape of your face. Most faces fall into one of four general classifications: the heart-shaped face, pointed at the chin and wider at the top; the square face, with width in jaw and chin both; the perfectly round face; and the face with more width at the jaw than at the temples.

Girls with heart-shaped faces are lucky. The soft line of their hair at the forehead, and the curved cheekline, are attractive. When you try on the sample shapes you'll discover that a high-placed bridge is becoming and that frames which tilt slightly toward the outside edge intensify the contours of your forehead.



A long, oval face benefits by the accent of "Mephisto" frames



If your mirror reflects a square face, better choose oval or softly-angled frames

The girl with the square face may have a slightly harder problem to solve. To counteract harsh planes and soften contours, she should wear oval or softly angled frames. She should avoid any accent on width, and try to frame the eyes with attention. Using a high bridge would make a short nose appear longer, and in some cases give the face better proportions. But if the nose is longish, dropping the bridge between the lenses will cut the length. A more oval variation of the "butterfly" frames shown on the opposite page would be the result.

The girl with the round face is the one who really can have fun with those gay, tiptilted glasses, particularly if she's also small, dainty, or vivacious. Somehow they seem to go with a pert personality. For the more conservative girl, an oval variation would do as well. Since the whole feeling of the round face is curves, the point is to try for angles in the glasses. They add accent and emphasis to the eyes. In fact, anything is good that has a tilted, push-up feeling, and tends to lengthen the face.

The girl with the broad jaw has a firm character and many sterling qualities—certainly nothing to be ashamed of! She can easily create a balance and an illusion of more beauty by centering attention on her eyes. Correctly shaped glasses will do the trick. The photograph of the girl in the checked blouse shows how charming the flared "butterfly" frames are, and how they attract attention to the eyes.

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MAYBE it's your first, maybe it's your fiftieth. But if it's a real, genuine, pick-you-up-at-eight date—if you've put a knifelike pleat in your new skirt, and are busily twirling the topknot into pin curls, chances are your *mind* is in a bit of a twirl, too!

What will you say to him? How will he like your new hairdo and your persimmon pink sweater? Supposing Mother says something ghastly—"Remember your rubbers," or "Be back by ten"? What if you don't get on with the other half of the double date? A dozen dire and dreadful what-if's and just-supposing's will probably occur to you before your nail polish is dry, but it's all quite natural.

For, after all, there's no reason why you shouldn't be pretty excited about this date business—within reason, that is. It is important for you to look your best and do your best, and make the best impression you possibly can. Oh, of course, it wouldn't be a national tragedy if this particular date turned out to be a dud, but it's still good sense to make as much of a success of every social contact as you can, because that brings you one step further along the right road to a happy, sociable, friend-filled kind of life.

So, what to do? How can you be sure that you'll say and do the right thing and that nothing will go wrong tonight? Are there rules and regulations of etiquette that you ought to memorize?

Well, the answer to that is yes—and no. There *are* rules—whole books full of them—but there's only one really essential one. Once you've learned it, all the others fall

Date with an Angel

All smoothed up and raring to go? Take these pointers along

by MARY PARKER

Illustrated by HARRY RUNNETTE

naturally into place. It's the one about putting yourself in the other person's shoes, trying to imagine what you can do or say to make him or her comfortable, and then doing or saying it. It's a matter of concentration on the other person's feelings instead of your own.

Here's how it works. Take the question of Mother and the rubbers. Supposing she does suggest that you tote them along? Put yourself in her place and you'll see immediately that she's not just trying to make you look like an infant. It's simply that she has remembered, which you have not, that you're going to want to wear those alligator pumps again some day, and also that if you catch a cold tonight you won't be able to go to the football game on Saturday. If you flounce out with an irritated "Oh, Mother, don't be ridiculous!" she's going to be both hurt and worried. But if you say good-humoredly, "I suppose you're right, much as I loathe the things," Mother will be happy, and Freddie will be spared a family spat—and think the better of you. Etiquette or manners—it's really common sense.

Or suppose that your kid brother waylays Freddie (*the* Freddie of football fame) in the hall to ask his opinion of the double wing back formation, or the varsity's chances in the game against West Norton High? And you, of course, are all smoothed up and raring to go. Well, if you snap out a peevish, "Oh, for heaven's sake, ignore Horace, he's a pest!" you will needlessly embarrass the kid and deprive Freddie of some very

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Home Magic

These four interesting tricks will astound your friends—and teach them something, too

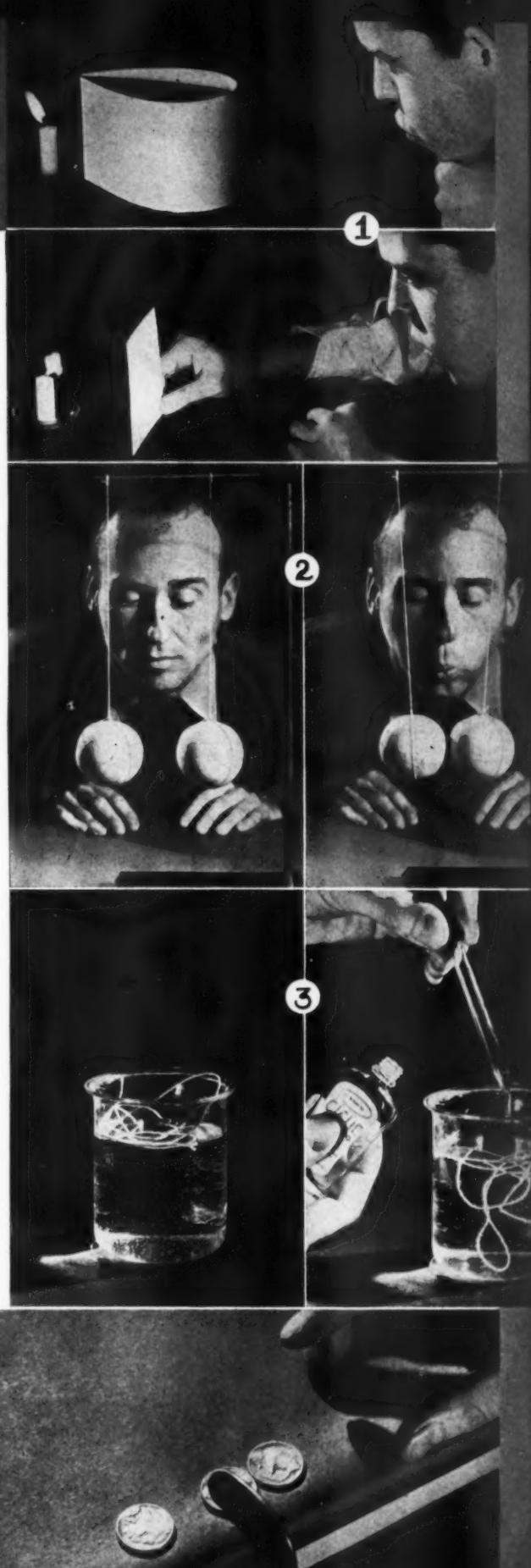
1. With this trick you can demonstrate why airplane parts are streamlined or given a "teardrop" shape. First bend a piece of cardboard into such a shape and stand it in front of a lighted candle. Now blow at the rounded end of the model. The air from your breath blows the flame steadily away from you, almost as if the cardboard were not there. But hold a flat piece of cardboard in front of the candle, blow, and you'll see that the flame blows *toward* you. This is because the air, instead of flowing smoothly around the flat cardboard, flows erratically past it, creating a pocket of low-pressure air behind it. In the same way, unstreamlined design in airplane parts would create these air pockets, seriously interfering with the motion of the plane through the air.

2. Suspend two oranges so that they hang about an inch apart. What do you think will happen when you blow strongly between them? Will they move apart? No. Try it, and you'll see that they come *together!* The increased velocity of the air flowing between them has created an area of low pressure there, causing the pressure against the outside of the oranges to force them together. Apples, ping-pong balls, or golf balls may be used as well as oranges for this demonstration.

3. Drop a piece of ordinary grocery twine into a glassful of clean water and watch it float on the surface, not appreciably wet by the water. But add a few drops of some soapless shampoo and you'll see that the string sinks almost instantly to the bottom of the glass. This is because the shampoo acts as a "wetting agent," lowering the surface tension of the water and causing it to wet the fibers of the string. In industry more than two hundred different wetting agents put this principle to practical use.

4. This trick demonstrates how sound waves travel from point to point through the air. Arrange three coins, exactly as shown in the lower left-hand picture, clamping down the center coin or holding it firmly with a finger. Then snap the lone coin sharply toward the fixed one. The third coin jumps away, although the center coin hasn't moved at all! Like the air through which sound travels, the center coin transmits energy by the vibration of its own particles—an energy wave set up when the snapped coin struck it.

Photographs by Three Lions

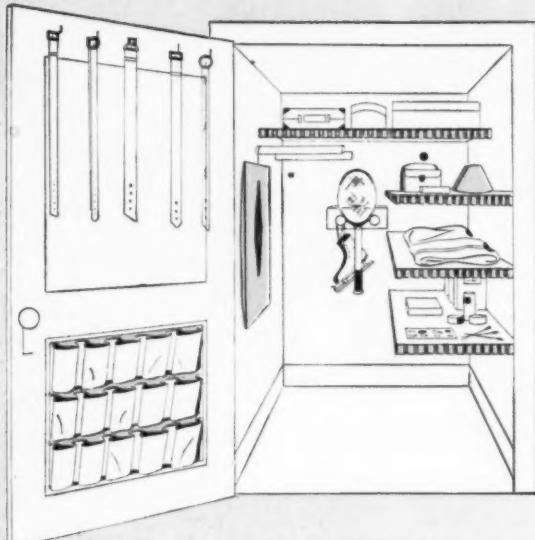


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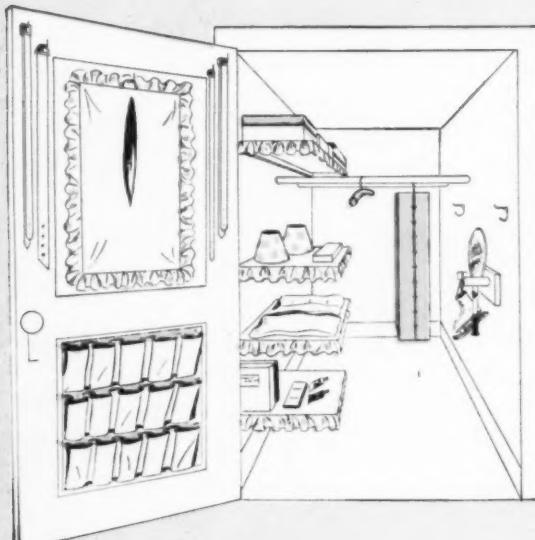
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Closet Conscious



Divide a square closet in half with two short rods on the left; useful shelves on the right



And this is the narrow, alley type closet. See all the aids to neatness—from belt hooks to the sports board



There's nothing Fibber McGee about this closet! It just shows what you can do with shallow space

by NORA HAMMESFAHR

NO MATTER what shape your closet is—narrow and deep, wide but shallow, or square—there's a way to fix it to give you the most room for the space it affords. And if you'd like to make it as pretty as your best hat, just dress it up with the closet accessories shown here. You can buy them if you are affluent, or if your finances are at a low ebb you can make them yourself.

Here are three basic types of closets, and the most convenient ways in which to arrange them so as to get as much as possible into them. Though yours may not conform exactly to any of these measurements, we feel sure you will be able to adapt the ideas to your particular problem.

The closet illustrated below left is the narrow, alley type. But don't, *please don't* attempt to fix up your closet like this unless it measures at least six feet long and three feet wide.

Run two dress poles straight across the back, one directly in back of the other, allowing enough space between the poles for hangers, plus about five inches clearance. The back pole is for your dress bag, your party frocks, and the festive clothes you save for gala days and dates. On the front pole hang suits, skirts, blouses, and slacks—the clothes that you wear every day. By putting your clothes in this order, you can grab the ones you want quickly, and you won't have to disturb your best things every time you change.

If you place your poles in back like this, there will be an empty space between the front pole and the door. Use this space for three shelves, as in the drawing. Once you have found out how convenient these shelves can be, you'll never understand how you did without them. You can use them for any purpose you choose, but here are some suggestions:

The bottom shelf is a good place for a sort of "hobby lobby"—paints, stamp collection, sewing bag, or whatever your main interests are at the moment. It's a

(Continued on page 46)



by HAZEL RAWSON CADES

IF 1947 finds you in the mood to make some good resolutions, here's a tip. Be smart. Play safe. Put down a few extras on your good grooming list. Being human, you will probably slip up once in a while, no matter how hard you try. But if you start off with a little extra work and build up extra credits, you'll have something to fall back on, and one skid won't necessarily mean a bad fall.

Come to think of it, it's the little extras you do for your looks that make all the difference between just getting by and really arriving. For example, there's your hair. It doesn't take much proving to demonstrate the fact that if you really wield the hairbrush every morning, your hair looks a hundred per cent better when you start off to school than it does if you give it a few casual whacks. And it's still looking better when you come home from school, too, because it's been trained to be orderly. Resolve to brush a little extra every day.

Second extra. It's pretty well established that it's the added scrubbing and rinsing you do when you shampoo which clinches the job and gives your hair that bright and shining look. Dust and oil left on it dim the gloss and also make it harder to handle. Resolve after you've scrubbed and rinsed your hair once to scrub and rinse it all over again.

Did you ever make a test to see whether you really get off all the dirt when you wash your hands? (I do not mean on the clean towel!) If you're in the habit of washing your hands in a rush under running water, try this experiment. After you've washed your hands as usual, run some medium-warm water into the wash-bowl, lather up some soap, stick in your hands and scrub them together vigorously,

not forgetting your wrists. Use a nail-brush for good measure. If the water looks quite clean when you're through, you're in the clear. If it doesn't, perhaps you can give a guess as to why your hands have been looking a little grubby lately. Extra number three.

Ever wonder why your skin seems to chap more than other girls? Of course it may be that your skin is naturally more sensitive than theirs, or that you go out in the cold and wind without remembering to use protective lotion. However, one very good reason may be that you're a skimpy drier. If you just dab yourself with the towel, instead of doing a thorough job, you'll be lucky indeed if your skin doesn't get chapped and red and rough, especially in winter. Put down on your list a little extra toweling time.

Do you have trouble with your nail polish chipping? My guess would be that you don't spend half the time in letting it dry that a manicurist would insist on if she were doing your nails. It's so easy, when you're at home, to start using your hands before the polish is completely set. If you haven't any handcuffs within reach and you just can't seem to remember this warning, perhaps you could get someone to lay a board over your wrists! It might work.

The sixth extra makes the difference between a really smooth lipstick job and the kind of freehand drawing you see on some girls' faces. If you start in one corner and just swoop, the chances are you'll miss the curves, and that one side of your mouth will get more color than the other. Start in the middle and outline your lips carefully so that the lipstick doesn't smear over the edges. Remember

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Illustrated by
CLARE McCANNA

Make Your Camera Click

(Continued from page 15)

workers in California in the early 1930's, and clicked her way right into a staff photographer's job with "Life" magazine, a post she still holds.

Ruth Alexander Nichols was fascinated by babies, decided to specialize in picturing them, and became the foremost baby photographer in the world. Today her pictures, for which she works long and hard, are featured in many of the leading magazines.

Other women who have found that it pays to picture things which interest them include Louise Dahl-Wolfe and Toni Frissell, who have specialized in fashion photography and today make pictures for many of the best fashion magazines. Then there is Elizabeth Hibbs, one of our foremost advertising and illustrative photographers, whose pictures have been widely used in advertisements, and to illustrate stories in magazines. Eleanor Parke Custis is another leading woman photographer. And Ylla, a young New Yorker, has become famous by specializing in animal pictures.

Why are these women successful photographers? Because they chose an objective, selected subjects which meant a great deal to them, and worked toward a definite goal.

When you start to do your own developing and printing, picture making becomes even more fun. Of course it is not necessary to do this at first, and commercial photo-finishing can always do an excellent job for you. But to get the greatest fun out of photography, every camera enthusiast should learn at some time to process her own films. Did you know that every major prize winner in last year's National High School Photographic Awards had a basic understanding of how to develop and print his or her own work? Of course you don't have to do your own processing to be eligible for a cash prize in this contest—which, incidentally, opens for 1947 on February 15th. But you do have to be a boy or girl attending daily any of the high school grades, from ninth to twelfth inclusive. And the picture you take must fall into one of five general classifications, and be submitted with one of the official entry blanks which you'll find soon, along with more details, in your school.

But to get back to printing and developing. It's easy to do this right in your own home. Use the kitchen or bathroom at night (when you can hang blankets over the windows and doors to shut out all light); have your dad or brother help you close off a section of the basement or attic; or take over a large closet. Any of these will provide you with an adequate darkroom.

You'll need an outfit consisting of three trays, two film clips, a graduate or mixing bowl, a thermometer to check solution temperatures, a stirring rod, a safelight with yellow filter for print making, a chamois or soft sponge for wiping film, a printing frame, photographic paper in grades 0, 2, and 4, and developer and fixer bath. The cost of such an outfit, complete, will probably be around four or five dollars.

Of course the best way to learn to do your own processing is to have some experienced person explain and demonstrate the technique. But if you don't know anybody who can show you, you'll be wise to

dip into some reading matter on the subject. One attractive pamphlet, "Developing, Printing, and Enlarging," which you probably can pick up for 10¢ at your local photographic supply shop, explains and illustrates very clearly every step of those specialized processes. From it, too, you'll learn how to "crop" pictures, which means to eliminate unessential details and print only



For dramatic effect, put your subject in bright sunlight—before a dark doorway

the heart of your picture. Another trick that is explained is "dodging" pictures. This enables you to control the amount of light reaching your printing paper at important points, and so increase the dramatic emphasis of your photographs.

The fourth secret which we mentioned at the beginning of this article was joining a camera club. If there isn't one in your community, why not round up some other camera fans and form one? Set a regular meeting time, and plan interesting programs, discussions, and projects. By comparing notes with other members, bringing your work to meetings for criticism and suggestions, and taking part in competitions and programs of the club, you'll learn a great deal about picture taking. Everyone gives and gains in such a group.

AND NOW for a dozen basic rules that will cover most general photographic problems—a nontechnical check list that you may find helpful in improving your work.

1. Keep your camera spotlessly clean. This goes for an old box camera or the latest precision outfit. Keep the lens shining by flicking away the dust, then breathing on it and polishing gently with a soft, clean cloth or paper tissue. Remember that a camera is like a watch—it runs best when it's kept in first-class condition.

2. Load and unload your film only in subdued light. This protects it from accidental exposure to brilliant sunlight while the roll is unsealed.

3. Always hold your camera steady. Place it on a tripod or rest it on some firm support, or if you prefer, brace it against your body and hold your breath as you take the picture. And always release your shutter as smoothly and gently as you possibly can.

This prevents movement of the camera.

4. If your camera can be adjusted for various distances, don't forget to focus exactly on your subject. A camera that's focused for 100 feet won't take a good picture when the subject is only 6 feet away. Don't get too close to your subject if your camera won't focus for very short distances.

5. Always select a shutter speed which will be fast enough to stop movement in your subject. If you own a box camera or a simple folding camera on which the shutter speeds cannot be adjusted, don't try to picture fast action—stick to slow-moving or still subjects. However, if your camera does have adjustable shutter speeds and lens openings, remember the following pointers:

First, for ordinary snapshots when the subject is not in motion, use a shutter speed of 1/50 second. Second, for close-up action pictures of babies, children, pets, or distant action when the subject is not moving too rapidly, use a shutter speed of 1/100 second. Always decide upon your shutter speed first, and then determine the lens opening necessary for proper exposure.

6. Use an exposure guide—one of those handy ten or twenty cent guides is best—to determine the correct lens opening for use with your chosen shutter speed. The selection of the proper lens opening will depend largely on prevailing light conditions. Clear, bright sunshine calls for small lens openings; gray, cloudy skies demand large lens openings. Since the light is constantly changing, let your exposure guide do the deciding.

7. Don't allow your subject to stare at the camera. Make your picture tell a story by showing the subject doing something interesting. For example, show Jimmy helping Jane with her homework; picture Betty teaching Bob to play tennis.

8. Make storytelling sets of pictures instead of casual and unrelated snapshots. If you make believe you're a news photographer covering an assignment from start to finish, you'll have the idea down pat.

9. Watch the composition of your pictures. Keep backgrounds simple; often just the sky is enough. Don't always center everything in the middle of your picture, either. You'll get much more pleasing effects if you try to concentrate the interest at a point a little off center.

10. In landscape pictures, try to "frame" the scene through an overhanging branch of a tree, an archway, or something similar. By framing your pictures in such a manner, you'll add a feeling of depth to the scene and get a more pleasing composition.

11. Don't always stand with the sun behind you. Try taking a picture occasionally with the sun in front of the camera or, preferably, to one side. In such cases you'll have to shade the lens from the direct rays of the sun with your hand, of course, but you'll get more dramatic and striking lighting effects in this way.

12. Don't do all your picture taking outdoors. Try some indoor shots, too. A couple of flood lamps with built-in reflectors are all you need for good indoor pictures. Place one lamp by the camera, the other, at a 45° angle, shining down on your subject from the right. Use an indoor exposure guide to determine the correct exposure.

Above all, keep this thought in mind: practice makes perfect. Don't expect your pictures to come out just right on the first try. If things go wrong, figure out your mistakes, and then try, try again!

THE END

grin...gang!



"We had a grand time at Linda's party. Imagine taking pictures in the living room at ten o'clock at night! We can't wait to see them!"

Snapshots are always fun to make, fun to save, and fun to share. Your friends are glad you wanted pictures of them . . . and they're grateful for the extra prints you send.

Making pictures is so easy. You simply load, aim, and "click." You can attach a Flashholder to many of the cameras in the famous Kodak line for indoor or night pictures. Be sure to use Kodak Verichrome Film. It takes the guesswork out of picture-making. You press the button—it does the rest. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.

America's favorite snapshots are made on Kodak Verichrome Film—in the familiar yellow box



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Brownie Flash Six-20

This is it!—the exciting, low-cost camera that lets you shoot anywhere, anytime—day or night! One button to push for both shutter and flash bulb. Flashholder (extra) slips off for daylight shooting. Bulbs may be a little scarce yet, but they're coming.

Kodak



Louisa May

MENDON, OHIO: I am writing to tell you how pleased I was with the November issue. I especially enjoyed the article on Louisa May Alcott. Please include more similar articles.

In *Step With the Times* is grand. The only thing I find wrong with THE AMERICAN GIRL is that it isn't nearly big enough each month.

JOAN THOMAS

Praise from Denmark

COPENHAGEN, DENMARK: I have been taking THE AMERICAN GIRL for three years and enjoy it very much, even more since I came here to Denmark.

I was a Girl Scout in Chicago, Illinois, and I am now going to join a Girl Guide troop here. I enjoy the stories very much and would like to read more about Bobo Wither-spoon and Pat Downing; also more stories about careers.

I have taken THE AMERICAN GIRL to school with me and all the girls think it's tops. They like very much to look at the fashions to see what the American girls wear.

Thanks loads for such a wonderful magazine.

MADELEINE ERIKSEN

Keep 'Em Rolling, Mr. Rydberg

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS: I've just received the November issue of your magazine, and thought this month's issue was super. I think the beauty articles, etc., are just swell. But most of all I like *It's A Gift*, by Ernie Rydberg. It was as wonderful as his *Little Genius* in the January, 1946 issue.

Well, good luck, AMERICAN GIRL, and please tell Mr. Rydberg to keep those grand stories rolling in.

GLORIA D'ADDIO

Applause for Becky Linton

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND: I have been taking your magazine for one year, and I agree that it's tops.

I have just finished reading the November issue. The article I found most interesting was *The Alcott Girl*. Please have more articles of this kind.

If you don't mind, I'd like to have more stories about Becky Linton. Thank you.

BETTY HARDIN

Let's Hear from Texas

ASHERTON, TEXAS: I have taken THE AMERICAN GIRL for several years, but I have not felt that I should write till now. The story *It's A Gift* has very much aroused my curiosity. Please, please, please have more about McGuire, Wimpy, and Bascom. I

think Ernie Rydberg is very good. Please have him tell us what was in the package.

I would also like to have more stories about Pat and Lucy Ellen, and Betty Lee.

Why don't more people write from Texas? I am from a little town near Laredo. It is very seldom that you see a letter from "south of the border."

All in all, your magazine is swell.

RUTH BINGAMAN

More Articles on Famous Authors

LOS MOLINOS, CALIFORNIA: I am thirteen years old. THE AMERICAN GIRL was given to me for Christmas last year and I think it is the best present anyone could receive.

I think Harriet Heisler is all wrong about your covers, for I think they are swell. All of the girls are in such natural positions, and I especially liked your November cover. It reminds me of myself, for I like to eat an apple or something like that while I read.

I liked the article *The Alcott Girl*. How about some more articles about famous authors? I'm sure other girls would like more, too. *Nurses, This Way Please* caught my eye right away, for I intend to be a nurse some day. Please have more on them if you can. And how about another story about McGuire Jackson? I'd like to know what was in the package she bought herself at the auction.

But really, your magazine is swell and you couldn't have more interesting stories.

NANCY NIELSEN

Curiosity

HOLLYWOOD, ILLINOIS: Please! Please! Have a sequel to *It's A Gift*. I must find out what's in that package. Ever since I finished that story, in the November issue, I've been wondering—will I ever know?

NANCY SCHILLING

We have heard that satisfaction brought back the curious cat from a cruel death, so taking pity on the state of suspense in which Ernie Rydberg left our readers at the end of "It's A Gift," we asked him to do a sequel for us. You will be relieved to know it is coming along soon.—The Editors.

Not Enough Stories

MONTCLAIR, NEW JERSEY: When I first got THE AMERICAN GIRL I was in the hospital with a broken arm. Mother went into the hospital library and pulled out an old copy, and we decided then and there that I would subscribe as long as possible.

I love it, but I have a few suggestions to

make. Some of the covers are good, and some are bad. For instance, the November, 1946 one. I hated it—there was nothing to it. Please have more stories. The ones you have are good, but there aren't enough.

I like THE AMERICAN GIRL very much. Thanks for a good magazine.

ANNETTE HADLEY

No Support for Harriet

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA: This is the third copy of your wonderful magazine that I have received, and I can truthfully say that I can't find one fault with it.

I wholeheartedly disagree with Harriet Heisler about the covers and fashions. Why, I think the covers are marvelous! The girls represent the typical teen-age girls. After all, all of us aren't glamorous. As for the fashions, I think they're as hep as can be. I have quite a few of them myself.

I'm sixteen and attend Manual Arts High School.

Keep up the good work with your marvelous magazine.

GINGER MORGAN

Interested in Government

SHOREHAM, VERMONT: I have read your delightful magazine for eleven months and have no complaints, but a suggestion. I'm very interested in the government of our country and government officials. A column on monthly happenings in government would perhaps cause other girls to take an interest in their country's management. I also second the motion for a health column.

I like articles on etiquette. We in small towns have little chance to practice these social manners and like to be informed on them. I wish to know more concerning photography. I like all sports and fashions.

I am thirteen years old and in the eighth grade. I find your magazine the best I have met up with. Keep up your variety of articles.

MARY SUE PELKEY

Stories of Other Countries

BOZEMAN, MONTANA: I don't agree with Harriet Heisler that THE AMERICAN GIRL should not have so many articles. I read most of them and enjoy them very much. The one about nurses was very interesting and I wish you would have more like that.

My sister has taken THE AMERICAN GIRL for about five years and now I get it. I've always enjoyed it very much. It's tops. I would like some more stories about Lucy Ellen and Pat Downing, though. They have always been my favorites. I like your serials

If you wish information about starting a Girl Scout troop, write to Girl Scouts, attention Field Division, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N.Y.

and can't wait for the one starting in the December issue, and then I'll want all the other issues. I wish you would have some stories on girls in other countries like *Mania Head in the Clouds*. That was one of my favorites.

PATRICIA KEITH

One Thing Missing

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE: First, I think your magazine is wonderful. It has everything I want in a magazine except one. I would like to make a suggestion. Couldn't there be a poetry corner, or something to which we could send our own articles?

I like your stories, especially those about mysteries. I also like your beauty hints. Please have one on reducing.

DIANE SLAVICK

Another Vote for Animal Stories

ROSCOE, OHIO: I have been taking your magazine for almost two years and everything so far is super. I very much disagree with Harriet Heisler about your covers. I think they are wonderful. Although I do agree with her when she asks for more stories about horses and dogs.

I am almost a First Class Girl Scout and am very interested in Scouting. We have a troop of twenty-five, and almost all the girls in it take THE AMERICAN GIRL or borrow it somehow.

BEATRICE GORDON

All Girls Aren't Beautiful

HANSON, MASSACHUSETTS: I have taken THE AMERICAN GIRL since 1943, when it was given to me by the Hanson Girl Scouts after I became deaf through spinal meningitis.

I am fourteen and a freshman. I graduated from the Boston School for the Deaf last June and the nuns who taught there all said that THE AMERICAN GIRL is wonderful.

I enjoy every issue immensely, only couldn't you have more stories of Lucy Ellen and Pat Downing, and Betty Lee of *Clover Creek*? How about more of Sally Graham of *Sally Steps In*? Also more of Jennifer Jamison, but please, not too much about Bobo Witherspoon. I can't stand her, but perhaps I could stand her once in a while, so that other readers might enjoy her.

I agree with Helen Perdigoo that the covers are grand. Harriet Heisler writes that the cover girls should be prettier, but after all, are we all so beautiful? I think not. I think there are a larger number of plain girls and the use of only very pretty girls on the covers would make plain girls seem forgotten and unimportant. Girls, like books, should not be judged by their covers, and I don't think there's anything wrong with those cover girls. They're typical American girls and I don't think anything would suit the covers more. Please don't change the covers, but do have more stories.

HELEN TARVAINEN

Orchids for "Room for Rumpus"

DES MOINES, IOWA: My father subscribed for THE AMERICAN GIRL last Christmas and I have enjoyed it so much that he is going to subscribe for it again.

I am thirteen years old and in the eighth grade. I think your magazine is perfect, and I especially liked the article *Room for Rumpus*.

Once again, thank you for a swell magazine.

SHIRLEY HENNING

THE END

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Date with an Angel

(Continued from page 22)

pleasant hero worship. Calm down, let the sports talk run on a bit, and then say pleasantly, "Listen, men, can't we save the sideline chatter for another time? This is party night!" Then everybody will feel comfortable and civilized, and your stock will go up.

When it comes to the more technical questions, like silverware, the same rule applies. This time you use your imagination to see how your hostess feels. How would you feel if you picked up a certain fork for a certain course and your guests corrected you by using another one? You'd be horribly humiliated. So the answer is to do as your hostess does, even if she dips up her tomato bisque with an ice-cream fork. That's etiquette—has been ever since the days of Henry VIII, when courtiers picked up their chops with their fingers just because their host was doing it that way.

To prove to yourself how well this theory works, here's a true-and-false test we've compiled on date-time etiquette. Think through each answer on the do-as-you'd-be-done-by basis and you'll probably be surprised to find how much you know about "society manners."

TRUE OR FALSE

1. It's sophisticated to keep a man waiting when he comes to call for you.
2. When in doubt, it's smart to choose the less formal of two costumes.
3. A younger person is always introduced to an older person.
4. It's polite to let your date do most of the talking during the evening.
5. The girl always goes first—walking down the aisle in the movies, climbing into a car, entering a restaurant.
6. If you run into someone you know but your date doesn't, at the local coke parlor, introductions are in order.
7. The girl always gives her order to the waiter before the boy gives his.
8. On a double date, it's good manners to concentrate your attention on your own escort.
9. It's up to the girl to decide when to call it an evening.
10. At good-night time, it's bad strategy to suggest a "return engagement" with your date of the evening.

ANSWERS

1. False. If he's never met your family before you must be on hand to make the introductions. How would you feel if you had to present yourself to a couple of strangers? If he's been there before, a few minutes' delay is all right, but remember that a longer one may spoil everybody's plans.

2. True. No matter how you may feel about being the dressiest girl at the wiener roast, the chances are that your date will find it embarrassing. Most men are naturally conservative, especially about clothes!

3. Yes, with one exception. A younger person is presented to the older one because the younger one is the newcomer. If Freddie or Millicent comes to your house, it's the logical thing to tell your mother, whose home it is, who the visitor is. So you say, "Mother, this is Freddie Anderson." Since Freddie already knows your mother's name, it's safe to omit the second half of the introduction, "My mother, Mrs. Ellis." The exception to

this rule is that an older man is presented to a younger girl, no matter how great the difference in age. And the reason is that it makes them both feel flattered. It gives him a chance to be the gallant, and her the gracious lady. So you say "Millicent, may I present my father, Mr. Ellis. This is Millicent Price, Dad."

4. No, naturally not. You wouldn't like it either if your date just shut up like a clam and waited for you to do all the talking. It's important and considerate to be a good listener of course, but don't forget that a big

perfect. Let's both have that." In any case, if you put yourself in his place for even a moment, you'll know that a modest, but not obviously economical, order is best and that it will make him feel more important and suave if you let him give both your orders.

5. Not entirely. Naturally your date wants to feel that you're more interested in him than in anyone else in the party, but he also wants you to make a good impression on his friends. He'll be embarrassed if you act possessive and drooly toward him in front of them, and quite properly furious if you make an obvious play for the other male. So try for the happy medium.

6. Yes, and if she's cagey she'll watch for signs of restlessness fairly early in the evening and make a tentative suggestion about a homeward trek as soon as she sees the hint of one. If her move is turned down, then it's all right to wait for a half hour or an hour before suggesting it again.

10. It depends on how you say it. It's never considerate to put a boy on the spot by saying, "When will I see you again?" It's his privilege to name a date, because he knows the condition of his calendar and his exchequer. But if you tell him, "This has been fun. Let's do it again," he'll probably feel flattered and reassured, and inclined to want another date with someone who appreciated him. After all, he has an ego, too. Which is just another way of saying that if you *put yourself in his place* you can't go wrong.

THE END

Extra, Extra!

(Continued from page 25)

that it's easier to add than to subtract, and be very sure you carry the lipstick far enough inside the lips so that when you smile or talk people don't get a surprise. Blot off excess lipstick with tissue so that the color is evenly distributed. Then, last but not least, check to be sure you didn't get any lipstick on your teeth. You'll have an extra-pretty mouth.

If you wear face powder, here's a plus value that you can't afford to miss. Be sure to give your face a good brush-off. Little particles of powder left in the eyebrows, lashes, hair edges, and nose creases call attention to your powder in a negative way. A clean piece of cotton or a small brush will do a nice cleanup job.

We could go on indefinitely. For example, there's the small, extra push-back you give your cuticle with the towel when you dry your hands. This helps train your nails to a better shape. There's the extra scrubbing you give your neck and elbows when you take your bath.

And just because your feet are a long way from your face, don't forget to pay them a little extra attention, too. Toenails should be cut straight across and filed smooth, so that they can't snag your best stockings. When the cuticle is soft and flexible after your bath it may be pushed back carefully with a towel to give a nice shape to the nails. And how about using a little hand lotion on those chappy legs? Before you know it, it will be summer and bare-leg time on the beach again.

None of these little extras takes a great deal of time or energy, but any one of them may be the hit or the miss that makes all the difference in the sum total of your looks.

THE END

Speaking of MOVIES



SINBAD THE SAILOR—The story is laid in 800 A.D. when Persia and her neighboring countries were in the height of splendor, wealth, and exciting adventure. Against that period a tale of mystery and romance develops in which Sinbad, a prevaricating sea trader, and an Oriental adventuress figure prominently. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Maureen O'Hara, and Walter Slezak are featured in the star cast.



THE SHOCKING MISS PILGRIM—The year is 1874, and Cynthia Pilgrim is the first "typewriter" to get a job with a staid shipping company in Boston, which used to employ only men clerks. Cynthia soon changes everyone's ideas about women's right to work, and finally marries her boss! A sprightly comedy starring Betty Grable, supported by Nina Gilbert, Ray Largay, Roy Roberts.



THE RAZOR'S EDGE—Several people in different paths of life struggle to find themselves and a way to happiness. Some fail and some succeed, but all go through a series of tragic circumstances which hopelessly entangle their lives. A gripping drama filmed from Somerset Maugham's novel of the same name. Herbert Marshall, Tyrone Power, Clifton Webb, Gene Tierney, Ann Baxter star.



LADIES' MAN—Between the time he is a real, honest-to-goodness millionaire for a week, and very poor soon afterward, a young man from Badger, Oklahoma, has a lot of fun in the big city of New York, running into all sorts of amusing situations just by trying to "be himself." Eddie Bracken, Virginia Welles, and Cass Daley, in the top roles, provide the frequent laughs.

by
TAMARA ANDREEVA

★ Paramount's head of stills photography is Whitey Shafer, thoroughly sold on the fact that stars should be glamorous. To bring out the beauty of the stars' hair, he sprinkles real gold dust in dark hair to give it lovely highlights. To give the skin that Dresden-china look so dear to the woman's heart, he does the opposite of what other cameramen do. While other photographers insist on dull panchromatic or other opaque make-up, Whitey covers his stars' bare shoulders and faces with a substance he concocts, shiny as glycerin, known as "canned glamour."

★ Hollywood stars are often artists in other fields as well. James Warren, who plays in RKO westerns, paints water colors. Ginger Rogers does sculpture, and Doug Fairbanks, Jr. draws in charcoal. Richard Wessel, the bad, bad man of "Dick Tracy versus Cue-ball," writes fairy stories for little tots. Universal star Ann Rutherford is a regular one-woman band. She plays a tuba, bass fiddle, and banjo-uke.

★ When Warner Bros. asked Oscar Levant if he could cut a six-minute passage by Brahms to two minutes of playing he said, "Oh, sure. But you'll be hearing from Brahms!"

★ Victor McLaglen is known as the actor with the international accent. Born in Kent, England, raised in Cairo, Canada, and Cape-town, McLaglen speaks the king's English with every inflection in the king's colonies.

★ Some of the busiest actors in Hollywood recently have been animals. A cat gets a salary in *THE STRANGE LOVES OF MARTHA IVERS*. A fawn works with Gregory Peck and Jane Wyman in *THE YEARLING*. A cockatoo draws a pay check in *CALIFORNIA*, and a monkey in *CALCUTTA*.

★ Fredric March complained to Hoagy Carmichael that although his wife locked up the cupboard with the cookies, the kids always found the key. "I'll tell you what to do," Carmichael advised. "Lock up the cookies and hide the key under the soap in the bathroom. The kids will never find it."

★ After completing his featured role in MGM's *A MIRACLE CAN HAPPEN*, twelve year old David Whorf went to work delivering newspapers. The money from his film will go toward his college education, and the money from the newspaper route is for sodas and stuff.

★ James Baskett is being hailed as the great new Negro actor discovery. He applied to Disney for an assignment as a voice to be dubbed behind a picturization of a butterfly, and won multiple roles as Uncle Remus and Br'er Rabbit! His sudden success was a complete surprise for Baskett.

THE END

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TEEN SHOP talk

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This dainty Junior Miss compact—an Eleanor Hamlin design—is \$1 at Stern Brothers, New York City. It's plastic with gold, blue, or wine trim and lo and behold there's no Federal tax



People will say you have an ear for music when you wear your jingly, gold bell earrings by Coro! They're \$1.98 at Bloomingdale's, in New York City. And add the 20% Federal tax





TEEN SHOP talk

Be like a bug in a rug with a pair of snug "American Knit" gloves by Leon Klein Sons Co. In nine popular shades, they're \$1.65 at Fowler, Dick & Walker in Binghamton, New York

Definitely 1947—this tasseled, wool jersey stocking cap by Glentex. The price is \$1.98; the store, Saks 34th Street, New York City; and the colors are red, black, brown, green, and royal



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by **TONI LAWRENCE**

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Anchor for Her Heart

(Continued from page 13)

being one. It might be worth trying. "I think that makes sense," she told him shyly.

Perhaps she looked more at home with her hat off and her bronze-red curls mussed, for somehow the ice was broken, and by the time Bill came back to tell Mary Lou that she was welcome to stay, several midshipmen had danced with Joan. She was really enjoying herself when Bill cut in.

"Sorry to have barged off like that," he apologized, and Joan felt quite consoled when he added, "but you seem to have managed very well without me."

When at last it was time for the boys to return to Bancroft Hall, Joan could honestly tell Sue she had had a wonderful time. On the way home she remembered how little she had seen of Sue. For almost two weeks she had been basking in the thought that they were close friends. But this evening, watching Sue surrounded by old friends, she had wondered.

"Stop looking for things to be hurt about," she told herself sternly, remembering Bink's good advice. "You've only got until Christmas, but you're going to grow up and learn to stand on your own feet before you go back to New England." That night, however, her final waking thought was of Mary Lou and what Sue had said about her tagging after Bill. Definitely, Joan was not enthusiastic about the girl from Baltimore.

"Well, Red," Captain Crawford hailed his niece when she came down to breakfast next morning, "did you make a hit at Sue's tea fight yesterday?"

Joan slid into her chair wholly unconscious of the charming picture she made, her vivid hair swooping down over the collar of her tailored blouse. "It was fun," she answered, "but I was a mere wallflower compared to the triple threat from Baltimore—Mary Lou somebody-or-other."

"Mary Lou Dunbar," Mrs. Crawford supplied, frowning. "Oh, bother! If she's around I'm afraid she'll keep Bill from his French lesson."

"I hope not," said Captain Crawford. "We've certainly got to make sure Bill stays on the football team."

Before they could discuss the situation further Sue poked her bandanna-swathed head in at the door. "Hi, everybody!" she greeted them. "Joan, you can drive a car. I got up bright and early and found Mary Lou's ignition key. I have a hunch there's not a thing wrong with that sharp-looking roadster that a key won't cure. If we should deliver the car to her in running order—" With an eloquent gesture she left the rest to imagination.

Joan smiled at her aunt. "Mind if I test Sue's theory?"

"You have our blessing," laughed the captain, "but don't be late for Chapel."

Half an hour later the girls returned triumphant.

"It worked," Sue giggled. "Joan just stepped on the starter and Mary Lou's car purred like a kitten."

"You should have seen her face when we told her we'd fixed it," Joan laughed.

"We gave her a lot of double talk about magnetos and distributors," Sue put in, "and once Mary Lou saw we'd caught on to her little game, she couldn't do a thing but pretend she was in an awful rush to get home for a very heavy date."

"Didn't you adore her parting crack?" Joan asked. "She said she'd heard I was helping Bill with his French and she thought I looked as if I'd be awfully good at teaching!"

"Wow!" laughed the captain.

"Anyhow, she's gone, thank goodness." Mrs. Crawford sighed with relief.

"I wish Baltimore were about three thousand miles further away, though," Sue mourned. "Something tells me we haven't seen the last of those blond curls and baby-blue eyes."

But November cracked a frosty whip and the bright, cold days sped by. Joan and Sue had little time to worry about Mary Lou. During the week they were busy with school and on the week ends there were football games, informal hops, movies, and more tea fights given by other girls in the Yard. And then there were Bill's French lessons.

The first sessions had gone slowly, but as he and Joan got better acquainted Bill's self-consciousness disappeared, and his efforts to pronounce the alien words became less hilarious.

"You're certainly not nearly as wooden as



you were," Joan told him after a few lessons, unconsciously using the midshipmen's word for being on the slow side.

"From you that's high praise," Bill said as he got ready to hurry back to quarters. "I only hope my marks will bear you out."

"They will." Joan's gray-green eyes smiled confidently into Bill's brown ones. As she watched him stride off down the walk she felt proud that she had been able to help him. She had liked the tall midshipman at first sight, and during the weeks she had been at Annapolis that liking had steadily deepened. Bill's wry grin and matching sense of humor, his unfailing friendliness, made him one of the most popular men in his class. Yet he was completely unspoiled.

"I wonder if he really likes me?" Joan

thought. She knew that Bill was grateful for her efforts to streamline his French, and he teased her just as he did Sue. But she had to admit that the chivalrous attention he paid Mary Lou was conspicuously absent.

"Oh, well," she told herself, "it doesn't really matter. I'll be leaving here in a month. After that I'll probably never see Bill again." But somehow the thought failed to console.

By mid-November no one seemed to talk of anything but the Army-Navy game. Suddenly the big placard over the west entrance to the midshipmen's gymnasium became the most important calendar in the Academy world, as it recorded the number of days which must pass before the two great teams met in Philadelphia for the epic battle, which was fought traditionally about the first of December. The blue-coated midshipmen, marching to and from classes, kept breaking into a militant chant:

"N-A-V-Y-West-Point!"

In the "Football Room" at Macdonough Hall, the pictured faces of the Navy's gridiron heroes of the past looked on in silent challenge as members of the present squad anxiously studied top secret movies of the current season's games. Every player felt that on the day of days he would be battling not alone for himself, his coach, teammates, or the Academy, but for every Navy man, woman, and child—everywhere!

"Of course I want to see the game," Joan told Sue one afternoon when they had dropped in at Gilbert's Drug Store, Annapolis' favorite snackery, "but I honestly don't understand why you all act as if your lives depended on beating Army. Why, even Father's last letter sounded as if all he could think of, way off there in the Pacific, was downing West Point."

"Just wait till you get to the Stadium," Sue advised. "You'll feel the pull of every Navy team back to the very first one. It's more than just a game. It's an institution. History and tradition are all mixed up in it." Her eyes danced as she regaled Joan with bits from her inexhaustible supply of football lore. But suddenly her face clouded. "Oh, golly," she wailed, "if that brother of mine isn't allowed to play it'll spoil everything." Impulsively she laid her hand on Joan's. "No matter what happens, though, you've certainly done all you can. Bill's so grateful for your struggles with his French that he keeps pestering me about what on earth he can do to show his appreciation."

"Pooh," said Joan, "I don't want him to be all awash with gratitude." Then, before she could close her lips she asked, "Sue, do you think Bill likes Mary Lou a lot?"

"You mean is he his O. A. O.—his One-And-Only?" Sue frowned. "I honestly can't answer. She plays up to him and I suppose he's flattered. But I bet he'll ask you to the party after the game. Bink's dragging me and it would be simply gruesome—" She broke off abruptly as a strikingly handsome First Classman headed for their table.

"Why, if it isn't Stan Rogers!" Sue exclaimed, with a casualness she was far from feeling in the presence of an august member of the class which would be graduating in

(Continued on page 36)

TURNTABLE TIPS



by CARL BOSLER

FRIENDLY, soft-spoken Johnny Desmond is one of the most accomplished young men on the current musical scene. Not only does he thrill eager fans with his intimate interpretations of popular ballads, but he plays the piano, acts, and writes music as well.

Before Johnny went into the Army in 1943 he had already achieved an enviable success, which had its beginnings in his childhood. "I was always interested in music," he told me. "When I was eleven I sang as a boy soprano in the church choir and on the children's hour of a Detroit station. Mother and Dad are great music lovers, and the moment they heard my first fumbling at the piano I was hustled off to the Detroit Conservatory of Music. I studied voice, piano, and dramatics, and continued to sing on radio shows. When I completed my studies I went into radio seriously, as an actor, and played juveniles on the 'Lone Ranger' and 'Green Hornet' shows."

A few years later, when his youthful soprano had changed to a smooth baritone, Johnny ventured forth with a vocal quartet which became widely known as Bob Crosby's Bob-O-Links. Their tour with Crosby's band had hardly begun when their girl singer left and they were forced to look for a replacement. In Salt Lake City the boys found Ruth Keddington to fill the spot, and though Johnny didn't realize it then, he had also found the girl he was to marry a year later.

Before they'd reached an understanding, however, Johnny left the Crosby outfit to sing with Gene Krupa. "It was an odd situation," he said. "I was on tour most of the time, so Ruth and I didn't see much of each other except when the band was in Salt Lake City. But we wrote almost every day and I finally persuaded her to marry me. You might call it a mail-order romance," he added with a grin. Ruth plays the piano and coaches Johnny, and he says she's his severest critic. "If I do a poor show I'm afraid to go home," he told me jokingly.

When Johnny entered the Army, he served for nine months as a drummer in an Army band, and then had the good fortune to be transferred to the Glenn Miller Air Forces Band. Overseas, Johnny was a sensation, and in response to his broadcasts over the BBC, fan mail came in three languages, from Britain and the Continent.

Upon his return to the United States, Johnny was deluged with offers, and among them was a prize plum—a recording contract

with RCA Victor. He was featured on the "Philip Morris" and "Teen-Timers" programs, made many theater appearances, and now has a new radio show, "Judy, Jill, and Johnny" (WOR, 12:00 noon, Saturday).

Johnny relaxes by playing golf or riding, and going to plays with his wife amounts to a minor hobby. But his major interest, when he can tear himself away from his four months old daughter Diane, is writing music. As many of you will recall, Johnny wrote a song for the Girl Scouts not so long ago called "Girl Scouts of America," and he has written two other ballads which will be published in the near future.

Johnny has had several offers from motion picture companies, but he hasn't accepted any as yet. "I'd like to make a picture," he said, "but I'd rather wait until I can get a story I'm sure I can handle."

For an entertainer who has created such an international stir and whose future is so bright, Johnny is indeed a modest and unpretentious fellow.

RECOMMENDED RECORDS

Popular

In Love In Vain . . . You Stole My Heart . . . Johnny Desmond . . . Victor (20-1876) . . . Backed by the sophisticated arrangements of Russ Case's orchestra, Johnny sings in his most persuasive manner. His fluid baritone is a perfect medium for these romantic ballads.

Johnny Mercer and the Pied Pipers . . . Capitol Album (CD-36) . . . In this one you'll find a choice combination of stars bringing their talents to bear on eight universal favorites. The refreshing approach to "St. Louis Blues" is a most welcome change and Mercer's singing of his own tune, "One For My Baby," will be a delight to his many fans. Paul Weston turns in another group of fine orchestral settings.

Who'll Buy My Violets? . . . I May Be Wrong . . . Dinah Shore . . . Columbia (37140) . . . Excellently modeled in Dinah's expressive manner, these two old favorites emerge with new polish and luster. Orchestras directed by Mitchell Ayers and Harry Bluestone provide colorful backgrounds.

Is It Worth It? . . . The Things We Did Last Summer . . . Georgia Gibbs . . . Majestic (12007) . . . After a deceptively smooth intro, Georgia and the band pull all the stops and rock the top side with a solid beat. The skilled songstress demonstrates her versatility by doing a smooth interpretation of the

tune in sentimental vein on the reverse.

Rumors Are Flying . . . How Could I?

. . . Betty Rhodes . . . Victor (20-1944) . . . Both tunes have an easygoing pace well suited to Betty's effortless and appealing style. Charles Dant and his orchestra provide a fine balance of brass, reeds, and strings.

For You, For Me, For Evermore . . .

Changing My Tune . . . Artie Shaw and his orchestra . . . Musicraft (412) . . . The clever contrast of brilliant string qualities with Artie's mellow clarinet tone, plus appropriately husky-voiced singing by Mel Tormé makes the first side a skillfully blended performance. The reverse is a bright tune, sparkling with the harmonies of the Mel-Tones and Artie's imaginative playing.

For Sentimental Reasons . . . The Best Man

. . . King Cole Trio . . . Capitol (304) . . . Displaying subtle magic, the trio colors the "sentimental" theme with delicate and fanciful phrases. Clever and amusing lyrics plot the plight of "The Best Man" in this jolly tune, and Nat Cole's vocals on both sides are tops.

It's A Pity To Say Goodnight . . . If You Were The Only Girl . . . Claude Thornhill and his orchestra . . . Columbia (37092) . . . The suave elegance of Thornhill creations is slanted for lazy dancing in these two romantic ballads. Buddy Hughes' vocals fit the mood nicely.

CLASSICAL

Haydn: Symphony No. 97 in C, played by the London Philharmonic directed by Sir Thomas Beecham. It is hardly necessary to expound the merits of Haydn's symphonies or of Beecham's skill as an interpreter of them. Suffice it to say that this is a splendid re-creation of one of the great classical symphonies. Always influenced by peasant music, Haydn's works have an earthy quality, as well as simplicity and beauty of expression. While he wrote over one hundred and fifty symphonies during his lifetime, this work belongs to that fine group of twelve "London" symphonies composed in the English capital during the last period of his creative life. Haydn himself wrote that this was "music suffused with a sense of mellowness and maturity, of long experience and an old age honorably won; too sincere for passion, too wise for sadness, too single-hearted for regret . . ." Victor Album (M-DM-1059).

Mozart: Concerto in E-Flat Major for Two Pianos, played by Vronsky and Babin, duo-pianists, with the Robin Hood Dell Orchestra conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos. This gay and vigorous Concerto is performed with that graceful and precise delicacy which is a requisite for a satisfying interpretation of Mozart's music. The orchestra, under the skilled guidance of Mr. Mitropoulos, provides a polished surface on which the sparkling runs and trills of the two pianos are sharply etched in the typical arabesques of Mozarrian themes. This is thoroughly delightful music. Columbia Album (M-MM-628).

Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 5 in E Minor. This staunch favorite makes a new appearance in a characteristically fine performance by Serge Koussevitsky and the Boston Symphony. The tremendous resources of this superb body of musicians, plus the artistic inspiration of its distinguished conductor, combine magnificently in interpreting the warm and colorful music of a well-known, well-loved work. Victor Album (M-DM-1057).

THE END

Anchor for Her Heart

(Continued from page 34)

June. "You and Joan have met, haven't you?"

"Ages ago." Stan smiled into Joan's eyes. "But we'd know each other a lot better if I could ever dance two steps with her before some snake cuts in. Now that I've got her all to myself, maybe we can make up for it."

Sue took the hint. "Migosh! I promised Mother I'd be home early. Bye, you two. Be seeing you."

The moment they were alone Stan leaned closer to Joan. "I'd like to drag you to the dance after the game." His smile acknowledged the honor that, as an upper classman, he was conferring on a girl who was a good deal younger than those he usually condescended to notice.

Joan tried not to show how startled she was. Stan Rogers—a First Classman—was actually asking her to the big party of the year. It was breath-taking. It was flattering. But, drat it, she didn't want to go with Stan. She wanted to go with Bill—if only he would ask her because he'd rather take her than Mary Lou, and not out of gratitude. Her head was whirling as she thanked Stan and told him she would let him know next day.

Back at the Crawfords', she was going to ask her uncle's advice, but she had hardly greeted him when he handed her a note. "Bill left this for you," he said. "The lad was mighty disappointed to miss you."

Her heart fluttering, Joan unfolded the hasty scrawl. An invitation from Bill would make her the happiest girl in the world.

"Dear Red," the words leaped at her, "I barged in to tell you the grand and glorious news. I got a three-five in Dago this week so I'll be playing football and doing my best to make mule-burgers out of that Army mascot. To prove my gratitude, I want to drag you to the Philadelphia party."

Joan's cheeks flamed. So that was how Bill felt! She had her answer, all right. He thought he had to ask her to the dance out of gratitude. That was swell—inviting her from a sense of duty when all the time he'd rather take Mary Lou! His note made it quite plain. He hadn't even bothered to be tactful. Well, he was due for the surprise of his life! She'd write at once and tell him she was going with Stan.

FOR once, the great day on which the Navy goat was to keep its long-awaited appointment with the Army mule dawned crisp and clear. As she and Sue settled themselves comfortably in the big stadium, Joan stared in amazement at the milling throng of thousands of football fans. It seemed as if the world and his brother had all come to watch the tug-of-war between the sailors and the gray-legs from up the Hudson. She felt her heart thud as the voices of hundreds of midshipmen swelled the thunderous yell:

"All Hands Up Anchor! Beat Army!"

"There's Bill!" Joan's breath caught as she spotted his bulky, helmeted figure among the blue-clad players. Then, a few minutes later, her agonized groan was added to the others as Army scored.

"Oh, Sue, Navy's got to win!" Joan beat a mitten fist against her knee when the half drew to a close and still the savagely fighting Academy team had made no dent in West Point's powerhouse.

Somehow it no longer seemed important

that she and Bill scarcely spoke these days. She forgot her hurt feelings in a surge of pride that he was out there battling; that she had had a small share in his being there. Across the miles of distance, her father was listening to the broadcast of this very game, willing his team to triumph. The swirling bedlam of the gridiron was more than a game, now. Just as Sue had predicted, Joan wanted victory with all her heart.

Between the halves, Stan Rogers met her at one of the exits. "What's the matter with Ambler, anyhow?" he demanded. "He's letting us down."

She was hotly defending Bill when Mary Lou joined them, a huge chrysanthemum snuggled against her chin.

"Hello there," she drawled, lingering to be introduced to Joan's impressive First Classman. Coily she began to rearrange her corsage. "Bill insisted on buying it for me," she cooed, "but I just can't seem to pin it so it stays." She turned the full battery of eyelashes and accent on Stan. "Be a dear and fix it for me, will you?"

Joan seized the first opportunity to slip back to her seat, where Sue was busily consuming popcorn.

"Pretty reckless, aren't you," Sue asked, "leaving Stan with Lady Baltimore? She'd trade a Youngster for a First Classman any day."

"So would I," thought Joan miserably, as the whistle blew for the second half. Then, determined to be gay, she cried, "Look, Sue, the goals are changed and old man luck's coming over to our side!"

Do You Really Count?

If you hold a membership card in the Girl Scouts, you'll be counted among those hundreds of thousands of smart girls the whole country will be talking about next year, the Girl Scout Thirty-Fifth Birthday. If you want to count, when we add up the score, you'll have to be a registered Girl Scout. Are you sure your registration has been paid?

But well into the final quarter the score stood stubbornly at 7 to 0 in Army's favor. The mighty blue line was holding, but with time running out it looked as if in spite of all their fervent hopes, it was to be Army's day.

"Oh, jeezers," Sue moaned, watching the stadium's big clock, "only five minutes to play."

And then it happened. A blue figure suddenly streaked forward, caught a long pass and sped across the goal line for a touchdown while Navy spectators went noisily, jubilantly mad. Wildly the Army stands implored their stalwarts to block that kick, but a Navy extra-point specialist booted the ball between the goal posts. The score was tied!

The giant stadium seemed to rock with roaring, shrieking humanity as each team fought to turn the tide of victory in its direction. But with only thirty seconds still to go, the game certainly looked like a tie.

"Anyway," Sue sighed, "it's better than being beaten."

Then, incredibly, miraculously, another blue-clad player sprang skyward to catch another long pass. "It's Bill!" Sally's scream was incredulous as, a scant half step in front of his pursuers, her brother zigzagged

down the field, on, on, and over the line for another touchdown—and everlasting glory!

"We've won! We've won!" shrieked Joan and Sue, dazed and ecstatic, as the final whistle blew. At the same moment the midshipmen came to their feet, and with bared heads and in thunderous triumph, sang "Navy Blue and Gold."

"If only I could see Bill for one little minute tonight," Joan thought. "Maybe we might be friends again. It's almost my last chance, I'm leaving so soon."

But later, when Bill danced past Joan, who looked like a redheaded angel in her long, fluffy evening dress, he merely bowed with distant formality.

"That'll teach you to keep your eyes in the boat," Joan's dancing partner admonished. "You mustn't try to come between Ambler and his O. A. O."

"That's the last thing I'd dream of doing!" Joan managed to laugh as if her happiness had not suddenly been dimmed.

(To be continued)

Lasses with Glasses

(Continued from page 21)

Notice that the bridge here is dropped. But a high bridge-line—level across the top of the frames—would also balance the width of the jaw and would flatter a short nose. Oval shapes, wider at the top and curved to a deeper swell below, also help widen the forehead.

As a general rule, the high bridge is more flattering. The glasses don't look as though they were slipping, and it emphasizes pretty eyebrows and slenderizes the nose. The high-placed ear piece is a new and attractive development. This adds flattering width to the top of the face, where it's so often needed, and doesn't get in the way when one casts side glances!

The sunglasses habit has spread, and most of us find them convenient, becoming, and kind to our eyes—if we choose proper ones. We can cause great harm to our eyes if we wear just any old sunglasses with lenses of flawed or flat "window glass" of dull tone. These flaws are irritating to the eyes, and in time they may really harm the vision.

Good glasses don't have these flaws, for the glass used in their lenses is the result of infinite research and painstaking manufacture. Only the very finest ingredients are used, and they are melted in a "mixing pot" which has been seasoned for a whole year. Then the molten glass is poured upon a steel sheet and rolled thin. These perfect sheets of glass have to be cut into small squares, reheated, molded, ground, polished, lacquered, and finally edge-ground before they become eyeglasses for you. So rigid are the requirements that ninety-eight per cent of the glass has to be discarded because of tiny imperfections—only two per cent is perfect enough to be used for glasses.

If you treat your eyes to well-made lenses for reading and study, don't cheat them with cheap sunglasses. If you're an all-the-time-glasses girl, your eye specialist should provide a prescription for lenses correctly ground and of the right shade. That last is very important, for many of us are tempted to get sunglasses that are too dark or too heavy in tint, and our eyes are weakened, rather than protected, by wearing them. If you are a girl who wears glasses only oc-

casionally, or for reading, you will probably be able to use ready-made glasses for outdoors. But get the advice of your eye doctor on these, too. He will probably recommend several reliable makes.

So make a resolution to start taking good care of your eyes, for just one pair is issued per lifetime! If you notice that you tire easily, that you're frowning or scowling, that you feel headache after study hall or the movies, obviously there's something wrong. Bloodshot eyes and red lids, too, are danger signals. And if you find it hard to read for very long, to see what's written on the blackboard, to count stitches when knitting, or to sew an even seam, get your eyes examined and get back on the beam. It's easy to wear glasses now that designers have done right by you. In fact, it's both becoming and fashionable!

THE END

Tub Time Technique

(Continued from page 11)

ease, place the lifting hand under baby's buttocks, while the other hand—placed under his head at the back of the neck, with the fingers gently grasping the far shoulder—supports the back of his neck. It's surprising how well you can manage if you never forget this lift-support teamwork of the hands. And once baby's in the tub, never let go with the supporting hand, not even for the smallest fraction of a second. Use your other hand for washing him.

In the tub you'll rinse the soapsuds off his chest, arms, and back with the wash-cloth. If he's a tiny baby take him out of the water quickly, but let an older baby splash around and have a little fun. When you're ready to take him out, get the lifting hand back to work and, lifting and supporting in good style, put him back on his towel-covered pad and dry him quickly but thoroughly, paying special attention to the little creases where moisture collects.

Next, dip a large cotton swab either in baby oil or lotion, and beginning behind the ears, oil all the skin folds. With a small swab, oil the diaper area.

Drop the damp bath towel on the chair, replacing it with the clean, dry, wrapping blanket. Put on baby's fresh shirt and diapers—the pins are in the extra cake of soap, remember?—and then his gown. Now wrap him snugly in his warm blanket and tuck him back in his crib. Bath's all over, baby!

And so is Dr. Stork's lesson. If you follow his technique carefully, you'll be a trustworthy baby-bathing expert in practically no time. You'll be able to pass this part of your Girl Scout Child Care badge like a breeze, and when your own baby comes along, even years from now, you won't be in a dither the first time you have to bathe him by yourself.

"Bathing Time for Baby," a new movie by Walt Disney Productions, approved by the Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor and the Visiting Nurse Service of New York City, is now available, free of charge, for showing to club groups and educational organizations throughout the country. The film, which can be shown on any standard 16 mm. sound projector, may be obtained by writing to Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, New Jersey.

THE END

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One Two Three, Go!



William Leftwich

by HARRIET WARREN

JUST before dark on a Sunday afternoon, Lee burst in at the front door of her home. She was wearing a warm green ski suit and her Girl Scout beret, and over her shoulder was slung a neatly lashed blanket roll. She looked well-fed, well-rested, and her face beamed with happiness.

"Hello, Mom!" she called. "It was a perfect week end. There was the most wonderful goulash for lunch and last night we went on a moonlight sleigh ride and I won the game of roadside cribbage coming home on the bus, and I bet winter camping is almost the most fun in the world!"

Of course Lee left out many of the details, but if you've ever been camping in the wintertime you'll have a pretty good idea of how she felt. And if you haven't been, why not sit down with your troop leader and make some plans for spending a winter week end at a permanent camp site within easy reach of your town? More and more Girl Scout troops are doing this very thing, making their headquarters in a park department cabin or a snug youth hostel, in the week-end cottage of a generous local-council member, or in one of the winterized buildings of the camp they attend in the summer.

First, though, before you go any further, you'll have to take a look at the treasurer's report. Is there enough in the

troop bank account to cover the expected expenses—food, wood, transportation, and the fee for the use of the camp site? And will there be a little left over after that for the unexpected costs that are bound to pop up? If not, you'll have to put your shoulders to the wheel and have a cake fair, or a play reading, or a skating carnival to raise the necessary funds.

Then there are things to consider in choosing the place where you'll camp. Is permission to use the camp site obtainable? Is there a supply store on the camp grounds? How many girls will the house accommodate? Are you certain that it can be kept comfortably warm, and is small wood readily available for fire building? Is the walking distance from the bus line so great that you'll be too exhausted to have fun when you finally arrive? Has the water been tested? What about cooking equipment and a first-aid kit?

Winter or summer, preparations for camping are nearly half the fun, and once you've set the date there's lots you can do to fill in the time usefully and make it pass quickly. Early in the game you'll want to make a kaper chart, dividing your whole group into small working units. There'll be a "Permission Committee" to see that all the legalities are in order—the arrangements with the owner of the cabin,



At least half the fun of winter camping is the food—and the Grocery Committee provides lots. Hot cocoa, topped with marshmallows, is a sure hit

Top: These Scouts, weekending at their summer campsite, are having a spin on the black ice of the frozen lake. Six months ago they were swimming here

approval of the local council or troop committee, and permissions from the girls' parents. "Entertainment" will look after outdoor and campfire programs, while "Transportation" is buried under timetables or busy commandeering a car to help "Food" transport the heavy groceries and everybody's blanket rolls and snowshoes. As for the "Wood Committee,"

its members may well have to spend the Saturday before the trip at the camp site, getting a supply of cut wood under cover.

Then, too, you'll all want to have a practice session of blanket rolling, and to try out your knapsacks, boots, and menus with some rugged winter picnic hikes together.

Speaking of blankets, you'll need to take a supply of warm woolen ones. The number will depend on the climate and your own particular Fahrenheit, of course, but probably you'll want at least two more than you use on your bed at home. Did you notice we specified *woolen*? Actually that's a most important word to remember as you pack your gear for this wintry week end. Socks, sweaters, mittens, pajamas, bedsocks, ski pants—take your wooliest; for wool is lighter, warmer, and more absorbent than anything that's been discovered to date. Experienced campers know that because wool allows more circulation of air, a few pieces of light woolen clothing will be warmer and healthier than a whole duffel bag full of bulkier articles.

You'll need two pairs of shoes at least—one for indoors (moccasins, perhaps) and your stoutest, most comfortable hiking shoes or ski boots for outdoors. These last, by the way, should have been freshly waterproofed, either with one of the good preparations on the market or with a mixture of your own.

One part paraffin and two parts yellow vaseline, melted together, is one recipe for this job. Have the boots perfectly dry but slightly warm, so that the pores of the leather are open, and apply the mixture with a brush, then rub in well with the hand. Two coats, possibly three, will be needed, and you must pay special attention to the crack between the soles and the uppers, blowing the solution into that vital crevice.

You'll also want to take a poncho or raincoat, a warm cap or hood, and—if your Food Committee so instructs—a mess kit.

The members of the Food Committee, by the way, are very important personages. They're the girls who plan the meals, market, and finally do, or at least superintend, the cooking. They'll remember that there's nothing like outdoor air to sharpen appetites and send thoughts of slimming diets to the four winds, so they'll plan plenty of simple, nourishing food, allowing a quart of milk per person per day. For the first meal in camp they'll find it helpful to carry along something ready cooked—a big casserole of stew, or macaroni and cheese, or baked beans, that can be reheated while the cocoa's brewing, is one good idea. Another is a hamper of ready-made sandwiches to eat with bowls of hot, canned soup.

These girls will work closely with the Entertainment Committee. For instance, when an afternoon climb is on the books, no one need stay at home to watch the kettle if things are arranged in advance and the evening meal is left to simmer by itself in a beanhole. Incidentally, a new Girl Scout publication, "Cooking Out Of Doors," (#20-532) is crammed with menus and recipes, and, at a dollar, is a good investment for your troop bookshelf. It's available at your local Girl Scout equipment shop, or you can send to the National Equipment Service in New York for it.

A midday "Arctic Expedition" is fun, and also calls for co-operation between "Food" and "Entertainment." Here's how it works. The group is divided into three patrols, the first of which takes a half-hour lead and sets
(Continued on page 42)

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ALL OVER THE MAP



Photograph by Bureau of Reclamation, Boulder City, Nevada

It's a C-46 Commando plane for Wing Scouts of Boulder City, Nevada, bought for them from Government surplus property by the Boulder City Elks' Lodge for a clubhouse and office

• **If you happen** to be passing through the outskirts of Boulder City, Nevada some time in the near future, keep your weather eye out for a huge C-46 Commando plane, peacefully anchored in concrete and surrounded by a trim lawn with a fence around it. And see if there aren't some proud Wing Scouts climbing into the huge body of the transport or busily trimming the lawn, for the plane is their clubhouse and office. When the C-46—which during the war carried sixty troopers at a time—was offered for sale as Government surplus property, the Boulder City Elks' lodge bought it for the local Girl Scouts, who set right to work cleaning it out, putting up shelves, and organizing a big "thank-you" party for the Elks. For a time the plane was anchored in the local airport, but later the National Park Service towed it over the sagebrush to a more accessible corner of its own on the edge of town. The land was donated to the Girl Scouts by the United States Bureau of Reclamation, which assigned agents to keep an eye on the plane.

• **The many Girl Scouts** who are interested in photography and in the safety of our streets and highways will want to have a part in the new Traffic Safety Photographic Project sponsored by the Girl Scouts in cooperation with the Automotive Safety Foundation of Washington, D. C. The object is to take the best possible picture of a highway violation, or the best possible picture of a good highway safety practice. All you need to do is keep your eyes open. Take your camera along on walks, hikes, week-end camping trips, and automobile trips, and

snap anything along the way that you know is against traffic regulations, or that's obviously risky driving, walking, or biking. But look, too, for things that contribute to highway safety. You may help to save a friend from death or injury, you might win one of the handsome cameras that will be given as awards, and your ideas might bring you national honors. Working on this project will count also toward winning Photography, My Country, Transportation and Communications, and Public Safety Girl Scout badges. Any Girl Scout may participate, from Brownies up, and any type of camera may be used. Entry blanks may be obtained from the Program Division, Girl Scouts, 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17.

• **Are you over sixteen?** Have you been an active Girl Scout for three years? Have you a speaking acquaintance with at least one foreign language, and a few other important qualifications? Then you just *might* be the girl selected to represent your State at the Girl Scout Thirty-fifth Anniversary World Camp to be held in early summer, 1947. To this international encampment—the first to be held in this country since the war—will be invited representatives from all the countries where there are Girl Guides, plus one Senior Girl Scout from each State, Territory, and possession of the United States. Because most of the foreign delegates will be coming from Europe, the encampment will be held on the Eastern seaboard, in Camp Barree, Pennsylvania. Its theme, "Friendship Builds A Better World," is based on the fourth Girl Scout Law, and it

will give fifty-four Seniors from the United States and its possessions an opportunity to develop mutual friendship and understanding with their sister Girl Guides from all over the world, and to take this friendship and understanding back to their communities and troops. Members of many Senior Girl Scout planning boards will be active in electing candidates to this thrilling encampment.

• **Unaccustomed as** they may be to public speaking, all the Senior Girl Scouts of Memphis, Tennessee have been asked to join an active Speakers' Bureau program, in which one of the projects is speaking to Brownie and Intermediate troops on the importance of fire prevention practices. To help spread know-your-community information and to encourage good practices for active Girl Scout citizens, the firemen of Memphis gave the Seniors a bulletin called "Fire Safety Quiz" for distribution to their audiences.

• **American Airlines has recently** "adopted" Wing Scout Troop 4-16 of New York City, and presented them with a troop flag. The adoption ceremony took place at LaGuardia Field, right beside the big American Airlines DC-4 which afterward took the troop and some Girl Scout executives on an hour's flight over the big city. During the flight everyone went forward for a visit with the pilot and copilot and a look at the instruments—a rare treat. Three hostesses were on hand to explain things every step of the way. To top it all off, each Girl Scout was given a complete set of preflight textbooks and preflight training maps.

Headline News in Girl Scouting

• **About the time** you read this, three Girl Scouts and one Leader will be at an eight days' Christmas festival in Mexico City. The Mexican hostesses issued this invitation so that Girl Scouts of the Western Hemisphere may know one another better, and the American delegates were chosen partly for their interest in international work and their knowledge of Spanish. Lodged and entertained in real Mexican homes, these girls will have a fascinating experience learning about Latin-American ways.

• In a ceremony held at Vaughn Monroe's apartment in New York City recently, that popular gentleman was officially made a music adviser to the New York Girl Scout Chorus, and in appreciation of his acceptance of the position, he was given a men's Girl Scout pin. Vaughn has already helped the New York chorus with their celebration of Girl Scout Week this year, and was right on hand as consultant for Christmas chorusing plans. The fifty Girl Scouts who make up the chorus for Greater New York are selected each year by auditioning two hundred to three hundred applicants. "Service" is their motto, and they live up to it well, caroling each year at Thanksgiving and Christmas in veterans' hospitals, orphanages, homes for the aged, and for the commuters in Grand Central Station.

• **Girl Scout hobbies** came to the fore at Hopkins County Fair in Sulphur Springs, Texas, not long ago, when their display booth won a blue ribbon and a cash prize of \$25.00. Each girl exhibited her collection or hobby, and the display included foreign dolls, storybook dolls, buttons, post cards, shells, doll clothes, furniture, crystal and china, and many other things. Not letting any grass grow under their feet while the booth was being admired, the Scouts distributed pamphlets boosting Hopkins County, and served as guides in the exhibit building.

• As part of the work needed to earn their Child Care badges, Girl Scouts of Troop 20, Tacoma, Washington, filled kits with enough equipment to amuse a child for about three hours. A rag doll with clothes and a box bed, a little car, a ball, crayons and coloring paper, paper beads, a jigsaw puzzle (which they made themselves), a box of raisins, and some little books all went into the kits. The scribe of Troop 20 writes that her troop uses the kits when it works in the Parent-Teacher Association's nursery, and finds them much better than the bigger toys "because the children fight over them less." The girls have also made up kits for children in hospitals, and donated several to their Girl Scout office for training purposes. Each P.T.A. day, Troop 20 takes care of some twenty-five children, leaving mothers free to attend the meetings.

THE END



Photograph by Paul Parker



Top: Members of Troop 20, Tacoma, Washington learn about child care in a nursery

Center: Vaughn Monroe plays a tune for three New York Girl Scout choristers

Right: Scouts of Sulphur Springs, Texas, and some of the hobbies they exhibited

One Two Three, Go!

(Continued from page 39)

out cross-country to find a sheltered picnic spot and get a fire going. If there's snow on the ground, tracking them will be easy, but if the ground is bare everyone will have to know her trail signs! Patrol number two goes next, bearing cooking utensils and most of the food, and by the time the third patrol arrives with fruit for dessert and all kinds of observations to report, a piping hot lunch is ready. On the homeward trip, it's patrol number three which, choosing a different route, lays the trail and carries the utensils, while patrol number one brings up the rear and takes the final responsibility for leaving the picnic site shipshape.

But actually there are dozens of other wonderful things to do on a winter week end, and the big problem before the Entertainment Committee is making the choice. If you're camping on your summer camp site, you'll want to explore your favorite nooks and crannies again, or you may be busy with some improvement project—building a fireplace, clearing trails, repairing waterfront equipment, or painting indoors if the weather is bad. It's fun, too, to walk up the riverbank and see how the beaver family has made its home secure for the winter, fill the bird feeders, take pictures, collect dried pods and grasses, and make artistic winter bouquets for the hospital.

Part of your group may want to spend an afternoon just relaxing in the cabin—talking, listening to records on the portable victrola, or practicing a dramatic skit for campfire entertainment. But later on they'll be glad to pile outdoors for a snowball fight, or a hike to the country store for more marshmallows, or to give their opinions on the snow statues that others of the troop have been building.

If the pond is frozen, skating will be on the schedule. But take no chances—especially you rink skaters. Remember that snow ice and slush ice are misleading and dangerous, that white spots indicate air holes—openings in the ice caused by bubbles from springs or currents—and are a sign of a thin, brittle covering. Black ice, from four to six inches thick, is entirely safe, but even so, always let your Leader decide whether or

not there is to be skating. She knows best. And always skate with a "buddy" so that you can watch out for each other.

Evenings may be any way you want them, too. Perhaps you'll settle for a program of acting games, reading aloud, and singing in the snug cabin while winter winds howl outside. A clear, still night is fine for star-gazing, and you may be astonished at the positions some of your old summertime friends have taken in the winter skies. Again, a group of Boy Scouts who are camping near by may invite your troop to a square dance. Or if the budget allows, how about a sleigh ride?

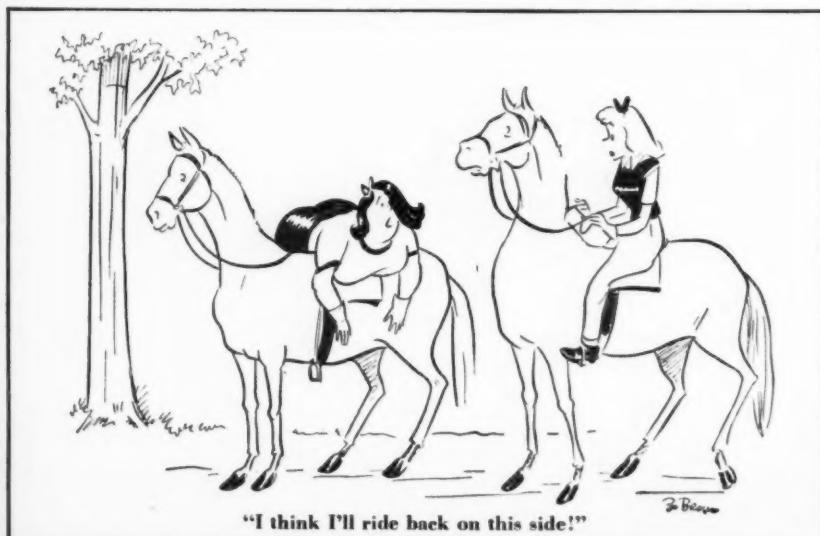
Then, when you get back, you'll pop between your blankets the stones you've left heating in the fireplace. It's an old-fashioned way to make a bed warm and cozy, but it still works wonderfully. And then, when everyone's turned in and the best storyteller has told one sleepy tale, there's only a minimum of giggling and whispering. For every good camper knows that allowing herself and her friends to get a good night's sleep is an important part of camping etiquette, and the best insurance she can take out for the next day's success.

Like all good things, your winter camping week end must come to an end, but let the good fun, and the good planning, go on right up to the last minute. For one thing, plan to arrive home just when your parents expect you—not two hours later, when they're just about to send a posse for you. In case an emergency should arise to detain you, notify one parent who will have arranged to stand by and send word to the others.

On the cabin wall there will probably be a list of regulations for squaring away, and you'll follow these explicitly. Any garbage, of course, will be burned or buried so deep that no animal will dig it up. And remember that a full woodbox is a nice token of your appreciation to the owner.

Of course you'll talk things over all the way home (between songs, that is) but plan to sit down at the next troop meeting and have a serious post-mortem on this first winter camping experience. What went particularly well? What new camp lore did you learn? What will you do differently next time you go? For of course there will be a next time—maybe this very winter, if you start planning now!

THE END



A Touch of Arab

(Continued from page 9)

Since the trail gang put a concrete pier under the bridge it has never washed out, but before that, every time we had a heavy storm the melted snow, swirling down in torrents from the upper falls, had carried the bridge with it. I unsaddled Cirque and turned him into the corral beside the cabin, then went inside to unpack. What I really wanted to do was bury my face in a pillow, or run across the river on my log and crawl into the underbrush, where the does hide their new fawns.

It was silly for Daddy to think that getting rid of Cirque would make me spend more time with what he calls "comrades of my own age." Those dopes! Last year he practically drove me to join a sort of dancing club. The dancing part wasn't bad—dancing is pretty good exercise. But the girls were so silly and the boys so juvenile in their conversation, I only went once. But it had never occurred to me that my not going to dances, and being bored by my schoolmates, would get mixed up in Daddy's mind with my loving Cirque so much. How could I make him understand the way I felt about my darling? My father wouldn't sell me, no matter how much I cost to keep!

Suddenly an idea hit me. Cirque looks especially beautiful standing on his hind legs or jumping. If, every day for two weeks, Daddy had to watch my horse doing extra-special, prancy tricks, perhaps—

I raced into the cabin for my lucky tee shirt—the blue-and-white striped one I wore when I won the bareback hackamore race at the gymkhana. Then I jerked the top bars off the corral gate, and made Cirque jump so that every muscle showed under his glossy coat. Finally, to rest him, we practiced a kind of circus trick I have been wanting to learn. That was when Wake came along.

Right next to our cabin is a mammoth Jeffrey pine with one branch overhanging the corral. I stood on Cirque's back (that isn't hard if you have grippy toes and are used to climbing over logs) and swung myself to the overhanging branch. The hard part was dropping down again on Cirque's back while he was loping by. I was riding around standing up when I spotted something that looked like a great blue heron—all legs, with a hump on top—leaning against the corral, one of his legs wound around the other. When I rode over, the hump turned out to be a knapsack, and the heron asked, "Can I take a picture of you doing that stunt? You're a wonderful color. Like the ocean—extremely clean blue-and-white."

"I don't mind," I said, wondering whether he meant that my shirt looked like the ocean, or my face. My eyes are violently blue, and my eyebrows and hair looked mighty pale against my sun-brown skin.

While he set up a tripod Cirque and I did our trick over and over.

"What's your horse's name?" he asked.

"Cirque."

"Circ, for circus?"

"Circus nothing! He's a mountain horse. His name is C-i-r-q-u-e. Don't you know any geology? A cirque is the round place hollowed out of the granite at the head of a stream by a glacier. You ought to study geology," I told him. "It makes the mountains much more interesting."

He said he doubted if he'd ever have time. That was Wake. His whole name was Wakefield Bender. He was seventeen, and this was his first trip into the Sierra Nevada. He had heard that the Merced, just below the Ranger cabin, was full of cascades running between granite cliffs, and he thought they would make interesting pictures.

Daddy suggested I help him choose a place to camp. It was lucky I did. Wake didn't know any more about the woods than I know about photography.

"This looks like a fine place to hang my hat," he announced at the place where the trail crossed Rafferty Creek, two minutes from our cabin. "I'd like to wake up in the morning looking at those big black rocks sticking out through the bubbles."

"You'll wake up in a puddle, if it rains," I told him. "Rafferty catches a tremendous runoff. It spreads out all over the place after a shower."

As he was looking back at the foam of water he stumbled and nearly went flat. If I had known how easy it was for Wake to stumble I never would have cut through the woods on a deer trail! He laughed about his clumsiness, though, even when a rock sent him sprawling. I couldn't help laughing, too. He looked so silly with his heron legs waving in the air.

"Your legs remind me of Alice and her neck," I said. "They've grown so fast you don't know how to manage them."

"Quick!" he shouted. "Find me a mushroom room to nibble!"

After that we were easy together. Somehow, when people too old for fairy tales both like "Alice in Wonderland" it gives them the feeling of being old friends.

The place I had in mind for Wake's camp didn't suit him at all. "This has no character," he objected.

"But look at the firewood! And it has perfect screening from the wind."

He still shook his head. "It's just shrubbery. I want to camp where the outlook has form—composition of some kind. A picture to live with."

FINALLY he made camp on a granite shelf, where little crooked pines grow out of the cracks in the rock. As I watched him unpack I hoped he had food in his knapsack as well as camera stuff, because he was awfully thin. You could see his shoulder blades right through his shirt. I couldn't help liking him. He had nice brown eyes that looked straight at you—that is, when one of them wasn't covered up with a piece of rumpled hair. I asked him why he didn't get a haircut before he came away.

"There wasn't time," he said. "And anyhow, I'd spent all my allowance on film."

Wake walked over to our cabin quite often to watch me jumping Cirque, and sometimes I rode past his camp to tell him about something I thought he might like to photograph. I never picked the things he wanted, though. It was the cascades that fascinated him. They were difficult to photograph because the canyon walls are so steep, and he was anxious to explore the other side of the river for a better angle, so one day I showed him where my log crosses. My log—I call it mine because I've used it so many years—is the only way over the Merced between our cabin and the big junction bridge five miles upstream. Wake said he wished he could skitter about fallen trees the way I do. His legs reminded me of a colt's—they wouldn't quite obey him.

We had several conversations before I asked him about dancing. I wanted to know if he thought dancing was important for a girl to learn, the way Daddy seemed to think it was.

"I certainly don't think it's important," he told me. "Most girls at dances are so silly I can't find anything to talk to them about. I only go to parties myself because I don't wish to become a recluse."

If Wake felt tongue-tied at dances I decided I needn't bother with them, either. Because certainly Wake had more ideas to the minute than anyone I'd ever known, except my father.

Half our businessman's vacation was gone when the first storm broke. It had been building for two days, but I couldn't make Wake believe that those cloudy afternoons meant the sky would pour down buckets of water some day soon. First the clouds grew gray, then black. Daddy looked at the barometer and put the fattest chunk of pine he could find into our stove. Big drops began to spatter against the glass, hitting slowly at first, in little spurts between the gusts of wind. Then the wind came roaring down off the Clark Range and whole sheets of water pounded the windows.

We could almost see the river rising as every crack and gully on the canyon walls filled with rain and melted snow. I knew my log would soon be under water—might even be swept away. After a little the rain changed to hail—big, mountain hail, like moth balls. I thought the windowpanes would shatter.

But if the rain comes fast, it never lasts long. The minute the storm was over I went out to see how Cirque was. He looked pretty shivery, huddled against Daddy's horse in one corner of the corral. Even his beautiful tail was droopy.

"How about a good run to warm up?" I asked him.

His ears said "Let's go!"

I was wondering about Wake, too, remembering the casual way he'd anchored his pup tent to a couple of twigs bushes. If his bedding was wet I thought it would be friendly to invite him into the cabin to dry off. I was sure Daddy wouldn't mind, though he always says we can't take in all the campers in the Sierra to dry off every time it rains.

I jumped on Cirque bareback and we galloped down the trail to where I could see Wake's tent. The granite sand was still full of puddles that splashed as we tore along, and Cirque skidded to a quick stop with his forefeet in the air. He's glorious when he does that. I wished Daddy could have seen him.

"Hi, Wake!" I shouted. "Did you get all your stuff under cover?" When nobody answered I crashed Cirque right across the dead timber to Wake's camp. He wasn't there. All his things were spread around outside the tent, soaking wet, so I knew he must have been off taking pictures when it began to rain.

Suddenly I was frightened. I don't think I ever felt really frightened in the mountains before. Daddy never lets us get into jams, because he knows ahead of time where danger lies; but Wake was such a baby in the woods, slipping and stumbling, never paying any attention to where he was going because he was so busy thinking about his lovely pictures. I was sure he had gone to photograph the cascades, for he'd been talk-

(Continued on page 44)

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It's New!

by Lawrence N. Galton



Luminous Mules: This winter you're in for a new kind of after-dark magic—dreamed up by an enterprising manufacturer of boudoir slippers. Next pair you buy, you can have all decked out with luminous toes that glow in the dark, so on those dark, cold nights you'll no longer have to fumble around trying to locate your slippers. Nice thing about it, too, is that the slippers will come in various styles, and the prices will be about what you pay for good ones now.

For Your Hair: Ever wonder why somebody didn't come along with a bright idea for making it easy to apply wave set and other hair preparations evenly? Well, now somebody has. It's a new type of comb, made with a hollow back into which fits an absorbent filler. Dip the filler into any desired hair preparation and reinsert it in the comb. Then, just by using the comb in the ordinary way, you can apply the preparation evenly to your hair.



Totebrush: Another "news" item this month is just about the neatest and most unique toothbrush we've seen in a long while. It's plastic and it's folding. Yes, it folds right up into a tiny, good-looking white case which is part of the handle itself, and holds three quarters of an ounce of tooth powder. The brush is designed to delight the traveler, but you'll relish it on your bathroom shelf at home as well.

Read 'n Rest: Just what you want for taking your literature while lolling—a simple, inexpensive, yet good-looking and comfortable back rest. It's a wooden frame, finished in white enamel, that's adjustable to almost any position, and it has a decorative cushion.



Song Cards: They're unusual singing greetings. You can send them to your friends on holidays and birthdays, and they'll be a bright spot in the day. They'll work on any home phonograph and last for five hundred playings. Plastic, unbreakable, these 5" x 5" squares are safe to send through the mails, and cost very little more than ordinary greeting cards.

The Darn Ball: It's made of plastic, white on one side, black on the other, to give contrasting backgrounds for your darning. The ball head, on which you do the actual darning, tapers neatly off into a nice long handle, and the whole thing should help you get a grip on your mending schedule.



Right for Your Room: Put this on your window ledge and you've solved the problem of keeping your room comfortably aired in bad weather. It's a ventilator, constructed on the umbrella principle, that keeps fresh air circulating and at the same time protects the interior from rain, snow, and strong winds.



Parlor Game: Now you can play the good old nautical game of shuffleboard right in your living room. This miniature set, measuring about 32" x 7", comes in a neat case and is easy to put on any table top. It's fun to play, too. You pull a snap knob and the disks go scurrying to the numbered areas.

Gift Tips: They're new, clever, distinctive—and inexpensive. For Mother: a beautiful little box, 1 1/8" x 2 1/8" x 4 1/2", of transparent lucite, ideal for cards, jewelry, or cigarettes. For Younger Brother: an "atom ray" gun which, when he fills the chamber with water, Junior can squirt with safety in the great outdoors. For Dad, the fisherman: plastic trolling lures in five colors that he can use, with many bows to you, for any trolling which calls for spinning bait.

If you are interested in any of the products described in this column—send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to "It's New" Editor, The American Girl, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y., for where to buy or price information.

A Touch of Arab

(Continued from page 43)

ing about them so much, never satisfied with the shots he had already made.

My heels dug into Cirque, and he bounded straight ahead, like a deer through underbrush. I headed for my log because I was positive that was where Wake had crossed the river. The Merced had risen at least ten inches, and the current was so strong that even a champion-swimmer would have been dashed over the falls. It was sweeping across the top of the log now, and I dared not try to cross on it.

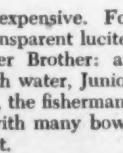
Then I saw his head—the rest of him was under water. I'm never going to forget the way his eyes looked. They were wide open and glinty, like a wild animal's facing a light at night. With one hand he was clinging to a branch of driftwood that had wedged against my log; with the other, he was trying to hold his camera out of the water. He saw me, too, but I knew he couldn't hear my voice. The water was so loud it drowned the sound.

There was no time to go for Daddy. Wake was on the upstream side of the log, but the driftwood he was clinging to might come loose any minute. Then the water would sweep him right under the log. If that happened he wouldn't have a chance. Not against the cascades. I thought of old Mr. Scripps washing the whole way down to Nevada Falls. Cirque and I were going to have to get Wake out! There wasn't any other way. "Please God," I prayed, "make the driftwood stick together until we get there."

Cirque understood too, I think. He began quivering all over as I urged him right to the edge of the river. "Come on, Cirque," I whispered, wishing my bare heels were spurs. In a moment the current was swirling around his knees. He planted his forefeet on the bottom and refused to budge.

"Cirque!" I cried. "We've got to get Wake out of there quickly!"

He lowered his head, sniffling the roily brown water, then looked around at me as if he were saying, "Meg, old girl, it's too much for us. The old Merced is too strong for you and me."



A terrible gust of wind whipped the branches of a tree against my face. I realized then exactly what I would have to do. Without my weight Cirque stood a chance of crossing the river. But he would have to be driven forcibly into the water. I leaned as far forward as I could and screamed at Wake, "Catch Cirque's tail!" Then I stood up on Cirque's back and grabbed the tree branch with one hand. With one foot I whacked him across the rump with all my might and bellowed, "Go on, Cirque!" Startled, he lunged into the stream, while I swung over the water. It was hard getting my legs up on the branch, because it wasn't steady like the pine over the corral. But finally I made it.

Blessed Cirque. He understood. He waded out as far as he could toward Wake, and all I could do was to sit there, biting blood out of my lips. When the current took him he began to swim, struggling with all his brave stock-horse heart against the flood water. Wake had to let his camera go, but he caught Cirque's tail and the horse dragged him, slowly but surely, up on the other side.

I thought, of course, that Wake would jump on Cirque, ride to the junction bridge and back to the Ranger cabin for Daddy. But I could see that he was too exhausted to move.

Cirque stood over him, sniffing with his velvet nose. Then he pawed the ground as if he were saying, "Come on! My mistress can't hang on that branch forever." But Wake just lay there, shivering. Cirque tossed his head and whinnied—then crashed off into the underbrush alone. It's five miles to the junction bridge and five miles back on our side of the river, so I knew I'd have to hang on a good long time. But I never supposed any time would *feel* so long. I tried to settle myself more comfortably in the crotch of the tree, and watched the mad waters swirling around the trunk.

Daddy came at last. He lassoed me with a rope, then threw another rope over the branch for me to shinny down. When I felt the ground under my feet again and Daddy's arms around me, I got silly and cried. He tossed me up in back of his saddle, and all the way back to the cabin I hugged him around the waist, tight, the way I used to ride when I was a little girl. Daddy said Cirque must have galloped every inch of the way. He'd come to the corral fence lathered with sweat, in spite of the icy wind, and Daddy had known right away, when he saw him riderless, that something had happened to me.

"Get yourself warm, Meg; then put plenty of water on to heat and fill every bottle you can lay your hands on. Make a hot drink," he called back as he dashed out the door, "and warm some blankets in front of the fire."

I WAS so busy carrying out his instructions that it didn't seem any time before he was back with the still dripping Wake. Daddy took off Wake's clothes, bundled him into a pair of flannel pajamas and wrapped him in the warm blankets lined with bottles of hot water. In a little while he was able to sit up and take the hot drink, and by evening he was enjoying the huge meal we brought to him on a tray.

The next morning I was getting breakfast in the kitchen when Daddy came in with a load of wood. "I can't wait any longer to ask you, Dad," I said, putting down the coffee I'd been measuring. "I've got to know about it now. Are we still going to sell Cirque?"

Daddy stood stock-still. "Sell him!" he exclaimed. "What an idea! Cirque can have a golden stall and feed on star dust mixed with diamonds as far as I'm concerned. Perhaps I rushed into things a bit too fast. You seem to be working matters out pretty well in your own way. I'm sorry about the camp, but all the arrangements are made, so I'm afraid you'll have to be a good sport about it this summer."

"Oh, I will, Dad," I vowed. "And I'll promise to enjoy it, if only we don't have to sell Cirque."

He dropped the armful of wood by the stove and went back for another. Then I did the silliest thing. I was so glad inside—too glad for words, I guess. I just cried and cried.

Wake doesn't know I cried, though. He has often told me since that he thinks I was very brave about everything. I'd rather not let him know I cried, because I'd like him to go on thinking that.

THE END

The American Girl



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BOOKS

by MARJORIE CINTA

IS LIFE a little flat after the parties and excitement of the holidays? You'll probably agree that it's a good time for the picking up of some vicarious adventure and we are right on the job with suggestions from which you may "pick your choose."

Green Grass of Wyoming. By MARY O'HARA, Lippincott, \$2.75. If you've read "My Friend Flicka" and "Thunderhead," you don't need an introduction to the McLaughlans of Goose Bar Ranch. This book continues the story of Ken, the sensitive, dreamy, second son, who has a one-track heart when it comes to the pursuit of a dream, and Ken's great white stallion, Thunderhead. Thunderhead has escaped from the valley in which he was imprisoned and is suspected of herding a valuable racing mare, Jewel, into his harem of stolen horses. The drama of the pursuit of the stallion and the adventures of the band of wild horses will have you turning pages pretty rapidly. For these are not saddle horses for young ladies to ride around a park but intelligent, greatherted beasts roaming the Wyoming hills and valleys as free, as alert for danger, and as untrammeled as their primeval ancestors. Jewel's teen-age owner, Carey Marsh, and her dominating, self-centered grandmother, come to the Goose Bar in the hope of recovering the mare and Ken is possessed of a new dream for which to fight. The drama, woven around the horses and their owners, mounts to a satisfactory climax. Mrs. O'Hara knows Wyoming, horses, and people, and blends them into another rousing story which lives up to its predecessors.

Count Your Characters. By RUTH L. STEIN, Harcourt, Brace and Company, \$2.00. Because so many of the girls she interviewed asked the same questions, the advertising manager of one of New York's largest department stores wrote this handbook for beginners in retail copy writing. This is not an idealized picture of a fascinating career. It is an honest exposition of the copy-writer's job, what to do to get started, and how to succeed in it. If you have been dreaming of yourself as a highly paid executive, tossing off clever copy, responsible for the sale of millions of dollars worth of merchandise, come down to earth, get this book, and find out what copy writing really is like. You will find practical advice and sound information on what qualities a successful copy writer should have, what experience you may acquire in summer jobs during vacation, how to go about applying for a job. Even if you are not planning on copy writing as a career, you will be interested in the description of an advertising office and how it functions, definitions of advertising jargon, and all the steps between the conception of an advertisement and its

appearance in print. Mrs. Stein's style is intimate and straightforward, the information and advice she offers sound and practical. In spite of her businesslike handling of the subject, something of her personality comes through and you'll find yourself wishing for a boss as understanding and fair-minded as she seems to be.

Miss Mary Junior. By JEAN DUPONT MILLER, Dodd, Mead & Company, \$2.00. If you like stories of true-to-life, modern family life, don't miss this one about the Copelands. They are a Navy family, which may give their background the spice of the unusual to many of you, but they are very much like thousands of other American families in their relations with one another, and their problems and pleasures. Vicky Copeland, called Miss Fix-it by her brother, is an impulsive fifteen-year-old, who often bites off more than she can chew. Brother Guy wants to study medicine instead of going to Annapolis as his Navy captain father expects him to do. Sue, the spoiled youngest, has an indomitable will which eventually leads her into trouble. The three Copelands, with their mother, return to San Diego to welcome the captain back from war duty in the Pacific and to meet for the first time the wife and young son of the brother who was killed in the war. Their stay in San Diego brought good times, romance, adjustments for all of them, and some pretty serious trouble.

Romance for Rosa. By RACHEL VARBLE, Doubleday, \$2.00. Do you like to dip into the past once in a while with a really good period story? Here's a lively tale of London and Virginia in the 1660's, told with humorous understanding of the foibles of men and women. The heroine, Rosa Wickliffe, had a pleasant home in the suburbs of London, with a pair of adoring parents; but the London fire took her father, and the unequal struggle of a "lone woman" against the world, her mother, and poor Rosa was an orphan. She was as courageous and sensible as she was pretty, however, and when, through an unfortunate combination of circumstances, she found herself penniless and alone on a boat headed for America, she promptly did the only possible thing and indentured herself to the captain to pay for her passage. She was "bound out" for seven years to a struggling Virginia tobacco planter named Loyd. Rosa was not dismayed by the heavy work on the Loyd plantation nor the quick temper of its mistress, and she managed to get a good deal of enjoyment out of her life in the Virginia wilderness. One day Tom Waters, son of a proud family of burgesses, rode by the plantation and Rosa knew she would rather be in America than anywhere else on earth. THE END

Closet Conscious

(Continued from page 24)

wonderful way to get those messy but important bits of your life out of sight and into a foxhole of their own.

The second shelf holds sweaters, and you might also put scarfs here. On the top shelf there are hat cones and a glove box. Most department stores carry hatstands, but if you prefer to make your own, you can have some just like those shown here by taking fairly stiff paper, rolling it into a conical shape, and then scotch-taping it together. To carry out your color scheme—yes, we're coming to that in a moment—either paint the cone or paste colored paper over it.

The long, long shelf overhead holds an overnight suitcase (hopefully handy!) a big, square hatbox for the dressy chapeaux you seldom wear, and a large, rectangular box for off-season clothes. Though the boxes don't look it, they are only plain cardboard, covered with shining white paper. And the lid of the rectangular box? That was covered in yellow paper, for a color accent.

On the opposite wall is our favorite closet accessory. It's only a board with two plump pegs, but it will hold all your sports equipment, tennis racket, badminton racket, and skates, ready for instant use. You could even hang your bathing suit from a peg, or nestle skis behind the rackets and loop the ski poles over the peg! Sun or snow, you're set to go—and with no attic-to-cellars search!

The attractive bag on the closet door? It's for laundry, though you'd never guess it. For directions on how to make, send for Direction Sheet E-545. Belts don't have to be a nuisance, wiggling around your bureau drawer, if you put up belt hooks around the door as we have illustrated. To keep your extra shoes from under your feet—honestly, the floor is no place for them when they aren't on your feet—we attached a shoe bag to the door.

Now your closet is practical, but it won't be pretty until you tack that ruffled edging all around the shelves, to give it a gay flourish and make it look feminine and dainty. After you have decided on your color scheme, buy your other accessories to match.

The square closet in our middle illustration presents a different problem and has a solution all its own. If your closet measures four by four or more, this plan is for you. To make the most of this shape, divide it exactly in half lengthwise, from the door to the back wall. Put up two poles, one directly in back of the other, on one side, and shelves on the other side, allowing about a foot between shelves and poles as a passageway.

You see the same accessories in this closet, except that they are in different places—necessarily so, because the closet is a different shape. The laundry bag hangs from the rod, and the sports board is exactly in the middle of the back wall—easy to get at, but out of the way.

Since we had a little more room on the shelves in this closet, we were able to put a handbag on the third shelf, as well as the glove box and the hat cones. The second shelf carries sweaters, and the bottom one is the hobby lobby, while the overhead shelf duplicates that of the first closet. To provide space for more belts, we put hooks all across the closet door.

The sturdy, four-square look of this closet inspired us to trim it with a solid-color

pleated flounce. It has a tailored, classic feeling, like a good suit.

If your closet is wide but shallow, measuring at least three feet deep and five wide, that top illustration shows the way to treat it. Run your pole the entire length of the closet. Sorry, but in this closet you can have only two shelves, because you are to hang skirts, blouses, and suits above the shelves. They'll just manage to clear the second one. You should hang your street-length dresses beginning where the shelves end, and your loveliest dresses behind the laundry bag at the end of the closet which you can't see in the illustration.

Yes, the laundry bag goes inside the closet this time. That leaves the closet door free for two shelves for bags, gloves, tissues, etc., and for a shoe rack. Dad would probably be glad to build the shelves for you, and if you don't want to spend money on a shoe rack, try fastening four curtain rods to the back of the door instead. If you'd like a special place for belts, take a man's wooden hanger, paint it to match your other accessories, and screw in hooks along the wood. Now you can hang your belts on the dress pole. The sports board is at the back, out of the way.

If you go in for sophisticated things, you'll like the stripe trim of this closet. It's gay and amusing. Paint the stripes on the pole, and put stripes on the boxes either by painting them with water colors or pasting on colored paper. Smart, isn't it?

No, indeed. Your closet doesn't have to look like a Fibber McGee affair, and you don't need to blush with shame every time you open the door, now that you are closet conscious and have a closet conscience.

THE END

Kay Goes to the Top

(Continued from page 7)

"We're taking the two o'clock train home, so you'd better be on time or you'll catch it from your mother," Jim told her as they left the train in Chicago. "Sure you don't want me to come with you?"

"And interfere with the track team business! Why, Jim Willard, what an idea!" Kay gave him a look of mock horror. "Don't worry, I'll get the two o'clock. See you later!" And she disappeared into the crowd.

"That girl's getting too smart for her own good," exclaimed Jim. "I'd like to know what she's up to."

But if Jim could have seen her fifteen minutes later, standing before the towering office building not far from the station, he might have changed his opinion. Kay felt far from smart as she stared at the great swinging doors which led into the lobby. She was an idiot to think she could accomplish what she had set out to do. Several times she turned away, intimidated by the hurrying people in the lobby, all of whom looked so purposeful, so sure of themselves.

"Don't be a coward, Kay Allen!" she exclaimed aloud. "You walk right into that building now!"

Impelled by this self-admonition, she entered the lobby and scanned the bulletin board which listed the offices in the building. There it was, Consolidated Airlines. The company occupied the entire tenth floor. She looked more closely. James F. Conroy, President. Room 1012.

(Continued on page 48)

TRUE OR FALSE?



***It isn't bright for you to skate
every day of the month!***

True. Even if you're the Ice Queen of your school crowd—you'd better sit on the side lines on certain days.

You'll find the reason for this and other "do's" and "don'ts" for those days in "Growing Up and Liking It."

Smart gals everywhere are reading

this bright, illustrated book on the how and why of menstruation.

It's chock-full of slick tips on good looks, comfort, health. Advice that helps keep you smooth every day of the month. Get your FREE copy from Modess—mail coupon below!

TRUE OR FALSE?

***You can stay dainty
every day of the month!***

Try Modess and see how **true** that is!

Not only is Modess so soft and so

safe—it helps keep you dainty as a rosebud, too!

Discover America's luxury napkin today. You'll be glad you did!

Send now for your FREE copy!

Martha Steele, Personal Products Corp., Box 351-J, Milltown, N. J.
Please send me, in plain wrapper, a FREE copy of "Growing Up and Liking It."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Age _____



Jokes

WAY OUT

TEACHER: What is a synonym?
JOE: A synonym is the word you use when you can't spell the other one.

Sent by MARY SOMMERVILLE, Lawrence, Kansas

HE MEANT IT

SON: Dad, may I have a dollar to go window shopping?

FATHER: Why do you need money to go window shopping?

SON: Well, it's Mrs. Jones' window I'm shopping for.

Sent by DONNA HAYNER, Cody, Wyoming

THE TRUTH

EMPLOYER: Jimmy, I wish you wouldn't whistle at your work.

BOY: I wasn't working, sir; only whistling.

Sent by JOHN ALLEN MOORE, Thorne, Mississippi

THE CATCH

SON: Father, can you write in the dark?

DAD: Well, I guess so.

SON: O.K. Then turn out the lights and sign my report card.

Sent by JESSIE HUTHWAITE, Pontiac, Michigan

WHY NOT?

DICK: Do you know the difference between a bus and a taxi?

BARS: No.

DICK: In that case we'll take a bus.

Sent by PHYLLIS MOSIER, Springfield, Illinois

GOOD SENSE

BILLY: What's the best thing to put in a pie?

JOHN: Your teeth.

Sent by MARLENE OSBORN, Kirkville, Missouri

MODERN EVE

MOTHER: Why did you strike your little sister?

BONNY: Well, we were playing Adam and Eve, and instead of tempting me with the apple, she ate it herself.

Sent by ARLENE MADORE, Waterville, Maine

BUSINESS SUFFERS

PATIENT: Doctor, you remember you recommended golf to take my mind off my business?

DOCTOR: Yes.

PATIENT: Can you prescribe something now to get my mind back on my business?

Sent by ANNIE LINDBERG, Dallas, Texas

HARD PLAY

JOE: G'wan! How can your brother work and play at the same time?

BILL: He's a musician in an orchestra!

Sent by GENE EDWARDS, Kansas City, Missouri

NO HAYRIDE

The girl had been taking her first horseback riding lesson and remarked, "I never could imagine that anything filled with hay could be that hard!"

Sent by D. H. BEVAN, JR., Lake City, Florida

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LIFE WITH LIL

by Merryleen



"And now, where's the liniment department?"



Kay Goes to the Top

(Continued from page 47)

Kay took a deep breath. No, she couldn't do it, no matter what happened to Peggy. She turned around and found herself facing a bank of elevators. A boy not much older than herself, dressed in a white coat, was just entering one of the cars, carrying a tray covered by a napkin.

"Late breakfast for His Nibs," she heard him say to the elevator girl. "Old man Conroy must be good and hungry this morning. His secretary telephoned downstairs to the restaurant and said he wanted the works."

Almost without realizing what she was doing, Kay followed the boy into the elevator. A moment later the door clanged shut and the car shot upward. "Is it hard to get in to see Mr. Conroy?" Her voice was so low that she had to repeat her question.

"Hard? I'll say it is! Why he's got three secretaries to guard his door, and they're tough babies, too. Got to have an appointment, days ahead, and even then he won't—"

"Look here!" Kay grabbed his arm. A tremendous idea had come to her. "Will you help me?"

"Look out, you'll spill the tray! What's the big idea?" He looked down at her, and then he grinned. Though she did not realize it, she was appealing and very pretty.

The elevator stopped at the tenth floor before she could answer, and they emerged together into the deserted corridor. Kay glanced both ways, then turned to the boy.

"You've got to help me," she exclaimed breathlessly. "It's a matter of life and death. Give me your coat and that tray. I'll take it in to Mr. Conroy."

The boy's jaw dropped. "What the—What in—" He took a firmer hold on the tray.

"Don't ask questions, please! It's just that I've got to see him, and I'll never get into his office otherwise."

"Do you want me to get fired?" But there was a slight relenting in his voice, and Kay pressed her advantage.

"You won't get fired. I won't tell him you gave me the tray. What do you think I am? Please, please! I said it's a matter of—"

"I know, life and death," he finished. "Okay, you win, but I know I'm crazy. Here." He set the tray on the floor and pulled off his white coat. "Give me your hat and jacket. Now, look here. I'll wait for you just ten minutes; then I'm coming in to get the tray."

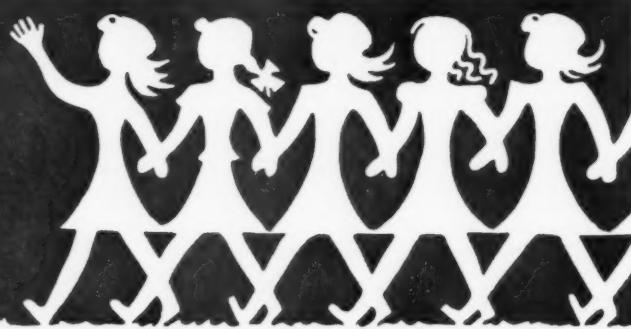
"It won't take that long, I promise. Oh, you're wonderful! I can never thank you enough." Kay pulled on the coat and picked up the tray. "Which is his office?"

"Third on the right. What a fool I am! Wait, give me back that tray! I can't—"

But Kay, half running down the corridor, was too far ahead for him to catch up with her before she had opened the door of the room he had indicated. There were several desks in the outer office, but none of the efficient-looking women who manned them so much as looked up as Kay went by with the tray. She walked straight to a door marked with Mr. Conroy's name, knocked, and a gruff voice bade her enter.

The sheer momentum of her actions had carried her along so fast that she had not had time to think out what she would do when she got to Mr. Conroy, and suddenly she seemed to be enveloped in a cloud of fear. Moving automatically, she opened the door and walked into the office. For a second

IN STEP WITH THE TIMES



by LLOYD WELDON

Change of Address

The navigator of the big B-29 *Pacusan Dreamboat*, winging its way over Arctic snows, had a startled look on his face. He couldn't be *this* far off in his calculations, he told himself, yet he knew that the compass never tells a lie. The plane was flying well to the north of where charts showed the magnetic pole to be, but his compass needle kept on pointing north. Had the magnetic north pole moved?

As he discovered later, that is precisely what has happened. During the past forty years the magnetic north pole has been steadily shifting northward and slightly to the east. It didn't begin to get restless until after 1904. When the explorer Amundsen was in the region then, he found it still in Boothia Peninsula, where early explorers had first placed it. But since Amundsen's time it has moved two hundred miles to McClintock Sound.

The magnetic north pole is not the same as the North Pole which Admiral Robert E. Peary reached in 1909. The North Pole is the geographical top of the globe (90° north latitude) and that point is fixed and unmoving. The magnetic north pole is the northernmost center of the earth's magnetism as it spins in space. The North Pole is about 1,100 miles north of the magnetic north pole.

The south magnetic pole has also moved about two hundred miles, but it gets less attention because navigators use the northern magnetic point of the earth for their guiding direction. The shifting of the magnetic north pole doesn't affect the usefulness of compasses. Their needles simply show true north in a slightly different place now than the compasses of the explorers of forty years ago.

Why the northern and southern magnetic poles have shifted no one knows. It just goes to bear out the very wise old philosopher who once said, "The only thing you can count on is the fact that all things change!"

Design for Living

France, the famous leader in fashion designs, has also pioneered since the French Revolution in designing forms of government. She recently adopted a constitution which has several very novel features—the latest style in constitution-making. In the United States we place no restriction on the power of Congress to declare war. But the new France promises that it will "undertake no war with a view to conquest and will

never employ its forces against the liberty of any people."

The French document is the first constitution which specifically guarantees the existence of labor unions. It says: "Every man may defend his rights and interests by trade-union action and may join the union of his choice." Our Constitution makes a special point of guaranteeing private rights and private property from government encroachment, but in France today there's a strong trend toward government ownership of basic

severely criticized this feature of the constitution. Fearing that the Assembly will be seriously divided by partisan politics, he would like to see a strong executive branch with power to act quickly and decisively. There is a movement in progress to amend the constitution to make those and other changes.

Up to last year, France was the last of the great democracies which still denied women the right to vote. Then women were given that right by government decree, and now, under the new constitution, woman's suffrage is guaranteed.

Sell by Smell

Women have for centuries added charm to their personalities by the subtle use of perfumes. Now manufacturers are taking a leaf from that book. They find that mixing a little perfume with their products greatly increases sales. The smells of paint, waxes, rubber raincoats, and insecticides are being "de-skunked" by pleasant odors mixed into the ingredients. War boosted the use of perfume for such purposes. Chemists at the Du Pont Company tell how a machine shop appealed for help when it found its women workers quitting because of the bad smell that comes from cutting oils used at high temperatures. So "stink scientists" mixed an odor mask with the oils and the day was saved.

Perfumes have strong appeal to the subconscious. A group of women in a recent test were shown identical pairs of hosiery, one faintly scented, the other unscented. The majority picked the scented one because, they said, it had "better texture" or "more appealing color," although actually the two samples were of exactly the same composition and quality. Lingerie makers are finding that women's underwear lightly touched with a subtle fragrance sells faster than unscented garments.

Perfume is also slated for wide use in the making of plastics, for many of the products of test tubes are exceedingly offensive to the nose.

In big buildings, air-conditioning systems are already being freshened by the smell of new-mown hay, and even the circus puts a scented deodorant on its elephants. Up-and-coming department stores are planning distinctive smells for each department. And in New York there's talk of treating the subways with a mixture of citronella and lemon-grass, as was done in the Paris "Metro" before the war!

THE END

January, 1947

